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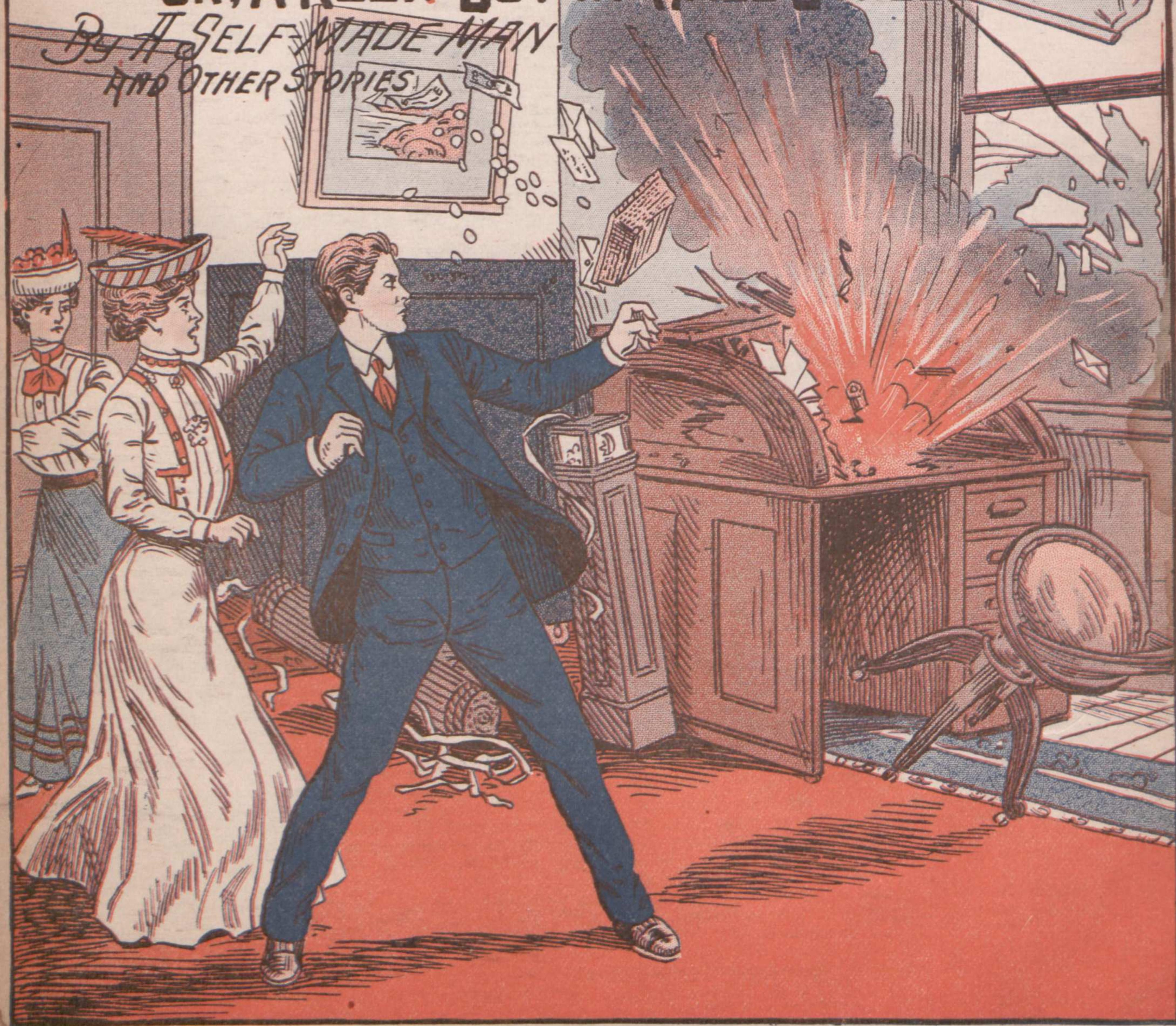
MARCH 17, 1916

5 cents.

FAIRCHILD'S FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

PLAYING THE MARKET; OR, A KEEN BOY IN WALL STREET.



Fairchild was doing his best to make a favorable impression on the fair Miss Parsons when, without the slightest warning, a tremendous explosion shook the office and demoralized the furniture generally. The girls screamed, while the boy was almost paralyzed.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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NEW YORK, MARCH 17, 1916.

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PLAYING THE MARKET

— OR —

A KEEN BOY IN WALL STREET

By **A SELF-MADE MAN**

CHAPTER 1.

HOW KING FAIRCHILD GOT HOLD OF HIS FIRST TIP.

"Going to the bank, King?" asked Mr. Jack Kellogg, stock broker, looking out at the door of his private office.

"Yes, sir," replied his keen-eyed, alert-looking messenger, pausing with his hand on the knob of the outer door.

"Deliver this note after you have made your deposit."

"All right, sir," answered Kingdon Fairchild, returning and taking the envelope from his employer's hand. "Any answer, sir?"

"Possibly."

"That all, sir?"

"Yes."

King, one of the smartest messengers in Wall Street, passed out into the corridor, slipped by the elevator, and ran down the single flight of marble stairs that led to the street.

Fairchild had been working in Wall Street for something like three years, and what he didn't know in a general way about the Street is hardly worth remembering.

He was well up in Stock Exchange methods, too, for he made it a practise to study the market every day that he had the time to do so, and he could gauge the trend of stocks, one way or the other, with surprising accuracy.

He had made perhaps a dozen small deals on his own account during the past year, and generally came out of them with a fair profit to his credit.

Of course he had to use a great deal of caution, for his winnings, being small, he at no time had much of a capital to operate with.

He had begun with a ten-dollar bill and now was worth \$1.200.

He had really made about \$1,600 all told, but he had to turn some of his winnings in to his mother, as the Fairchild family was a large one, and none of them but himself and his sister Nellie, who was stenographer for an Exchange Place broker, was working, the others still attending school up in Harlem, where they lived.

His father had been dead three years, and until Nellie got to work about ten months since, the family had quite a struggle to make both ends meet.

During those two years King had practically been the sole support of the household, and he had nobly responded to the burden thus early placed on his young shoulders.

It was not until his sister's wages began to come in that he could draw a free breath; then it was that, being allowed to accumulate ten dollars that he felt he could use on himself, he first turned his attention to bettering his condition through the stock market.

As soon as he had made his first hundred dollars he began to turn over a small percentage of his winnings to his mother, and this extra money enabled Mrs. Fairchild to keep her next elder boy at school instead of sending him to make a living at his tender age.

So far King, in all his deals, had to depend wholly on his own judgment as to the possibilities of a rise in any stock that attracted his attention, for nothing in the shape of a real tip had come under his notice.

That's why he had to be extra cautious, and several times he had missed big profits because he dared not hold on long enough to gather in all the cream.

But, all unknown to him, better times were in store for King.

Every one has a run of luck at some period of his life, and his future prospects often depend on whether he takes advantage of his opportunities and makes the most of the chances that come when the sun shines.

King was on the eve of this, and this story will show whether he was wide awake when Dame Fortune knocked at his door.

On the afternoon that we introduce him to the reader he passed up Wall Street with his customary rapid pace to the bank where Mr. Kellogg kept his account.

It was close onto three o'clock, and he did not have much time to spare.

As he had very little cash with him, he carried the bank-book buttoned up in the inside pocket of his jacket.

There was quite a line at the bank, trailing away from the receiving-teller's window, and he took his place behind the last man.

As he slowly drew near the window the porter started to close the outer door so that nobody else could get in.

Somebody else did get in, however, at the last moment.

A thin, wiry youth, with a face that had a comical cast even when at rest, slid inside by the skin of his teeth, much to the porter's disgust, for he hadn't meant that the late-comer should pass him.

The boy took his place behind King and slapped that young man on the shoulder to attract his attention.

"Hello, that you, Joe?"

"It's me, all right," chuckled Joe Judson, messenger for William Parker, stock broker, whose office was not far from Mr. Kellogg's.

"I might have known it was you without looking."

"How so?"

"Because you never reach the bank till the last trumpet blows. It's a wonder the porter didn't bar you out."

"He tried to, but I was too slick for him."

"Well, what do you know?"

"I know I'm alive, for one thing."

"If you didn't know that you wouldn't be working in Wall Street. You've got to be alive to pass the deadline."

"Is that intended for a joke?" asked Joe, suspiciously.

"Oh, no. How is Miss Yates, your stenographer?"

"Fine as silk. Why don't you drop over some time and see her. She was speaking to me about you to-day."

"Was she? What did she have to say?"

"She said you were one of the best-looking boys she's seen in Wall Street, for one thing; and the most gentlemanly, for another. By the way, I've got something to tell you."

"Well, I'm listening."

"Wait till we get out of this line. I don't want a third person to hear what I've got to say."

"Is it so very particular?"

"Sure, it is. I've got a tip on C. & D. stock," he added, whispering into King's ear.

"Have you? How did you get hold of it?" asked Fairchild, with a look of interest.

"I'll tell you all about it when we get outside. It's your turn next and then mine, and I'll bet the teller's mighty glad that I'm the last."

A moment later King stuck his book in at the window and stood waiting for the entry to be made in it.

Then he stepped to one side to wait until Judson had been attended to.

As soon as the teller made the entry in Joe's book the boys walked out of the bank together.

"Well, what's this tip of yours?" asked King as soon as they were outside.

"The announcement will be made in a few days that C. & D. has taken over the V. & Q. Short Line and thus gained access to the Virginia coal fields. C. & D. stock will, as a consequence, take on a boom that will land it ten or twelve points above its present ruling figure. You have told me that you have a little money that you've made in the market. Now just you plank every cent of it down on C. & D. on the usual margin, and I'll guarantee you'll stand to win \$10 a share inside of ten days."

"It sounds good, Joe; but as I can't afford to take any chances, I'd like to know just how you got hold of this bit of inside information about C. & D., and how reliable it is."

"My boss, Mr. Parker, is a director of the road. He was elected at the last annual meeting. While I was in his private office this morning, getting a letter out of the box files, another director of the road came in and they got talking about the prospects of the company. They did not seem to notice my presence, or, at any rate, to pay any attention to me, so I heard all about the purchase of the V. & Q. Short Line, and the effect it was expected to have on the market as soon as the news was officially published. Mr. Parker got an order from the other director to purchase 10,000 shares of C. & D. for his account. My boss told his visitor that he was already loaded up to the neck with C. & D., which he had secured outside of the Exchange at a fraction above the market rate, which to-day is 54. This is the chance of your life, King, to make a haul on a sure thing. After you've cashed in, I want you to show your gratitude by handing me \$100. If you have money enough to get 100 shares you ought easily clear \$1,000."

"I'm much obliged to you, Joe, for the tip and I'll think it over. If I go in and make something out of it I'll give you the \$100 gladly. A tip that's worth anything at all ought to be worth \$100."

"Well, don't waste any time over it, for the Street may get an inkling of what is going to happen and the stock is liable to advance several points on the strength of it. If I had any money myself I wouldn't lose a moment in putting it up on C. & D. I'll bet that every man who is next to this deal has bought as much of the stock already as he can afford to carry for the next two weeks. There are a thousand men in the Street at this moment who would give up \$1,000 or more to possess the information I have given you, so don't let this chance get away from you, or you'll feel like kicking yourself off one of the dock."

"If I see you to-morrow, Joe, I'll let you know if I've decided to go in on this thing. So long, I must leave you. I've a note to deliver at the Vanderpool Building before I go back to the office."

The boys separated.

King had to wait for an answer, and while sitting in the broker's reception-room he carefully considered the advisability of making a plunge on C. & D.

He had a great deal of confidence in Joe Judson. Joe was a good friend of his, and he knew he would not mislead him wilfully.

The result of his deliberations was that he decided to take the risk.

He had money enough to cover 200 shares, and if this friend's pointer panned out anything like what he claimed for it, King saw \$2,000 coming his way, and that amount of money would be a welcome addition to his little capital.

So on his way home he went to the small bank in Nassau street, through which he had worked all his other deals, and ordered the margin clerk to buy 200 shares of C. & D. for his account in the morning at the market.

Then he went home, with his brain filled with bright anticipations of what he hoped the immediate future would do for him.

CHAPTER II.

FAIRCHILD PROVES HE IS A LAD OF PLUCK.

A few days before there had been a kind of panic at the Exchange over a western railroad stock which was being boomed by a clique of operators, but which went to pieces when half a dozen brokers, headed by Jack Kellogg, King's employer, dumped several big blocks of shares on the market, one after the other.

The combination was hard hit, losing more than a million in the aggregate.

One of the members, a broker named Jabez Dolman, was said to be ruined.

At any rate, he wasn't able to settle with Kellogg, to whom he owed a considerable sum of money, and he called on his creditor on the morning after King's investment in C. & D. stock, to get a further extension of time.

He looked ugly and haggard when he entered the reception-room and told the boy that he wanted to see Mr. Kellogg.

"He's engaged at present," replied King. "Please take a seat."

Jabez Dolman sat down, but he was restless and ill at ease.

Finally he got up and walked to one of the windows overlooking Wall Street.

Here he stood and muttered to himself in a way that attracted the messenger's attention.

"He seems to be off his base this morning," said King to himself, furtively regarding the nervous broker over the top of a financial paper he had been reading. "I wonder what's the matter with him?"

King didn't know that Dolman was heavily involved by the recent slump of the market, nor that he was largely in debt to Mr. Kellogg.

If he had had any idea of those facts he would have understood why the visitor was acting in such a queer way.

Dolman stood with his profile turned toward the boy, and while King was watching him he put his hand in his hip-pocket to get his handkerchief.

Then it was that the messenger saw the butt of a revolver sticking about an inch out of the pocket.

"Gracious!" exclaimed King. "He goes around heeled. I see. If a policeman saw that concealed gun it might cost Mr. Dolman a ten-dollar fine and the loss of his weapon. Brokers generally keep their revolvers in their office desks as protection against some crazy crank that might secure an interview. Blessed if Mr. Dolman doesn't look crazy enough this morning to be mistaken for a crank. I'll have to tip the boss off when I go in to announce him."

A few minutes later Mr. Kellogg came to the door of his private office with the gentleman who had been closeted with him, and bade him good-by.

Mr. Dolman turned abruptly from the window and advanced toward him.

"I want to see you a few minutes, Kellogg," he said, almost roughly.

"All right," replied the broker. "Walk inside."

The door closed behind them.

Presently the boy heard the visitor talking in very loud and seemingly angry tones.

"I wonder if his grouch has any reference to the boss," thought King, as he looked at the door.

At that moment he heard unmistakable sounds of a struggle, and a heavy body came against the door with force enough to shake it almost off its hinges.

King sprang to his feet.

"That looks like trouble," he breathed, excitedly. "I suppose I ought to go in and see what's the matter."

He started for the door.

More sounds indicative of a struggle between two men came to his ears.

He heard the pivot desk chair go down on the floor with a bang.

Then a dull thud shook the floor as if the men had fallen together.

"Matters look serious in there," said King, laying his hand on the knob and opening the door.

Before his eyes took in the situation he heard Mr. Kellogg exclaim, in a stifled tone:

"My heavens, man, don't shoot!"

That was enough for the boy.

He flung the door wide open and dashed inside.

Jabez Dolman had Mr. Kellogg down on the floor, holding him with one hand by the throat, while he pointed his revolver, with the other, directly at the broker's temple.

"Swear to give me all the time I want," he hissed. "Swear to let me off half that I owe you, or, by thunder, I'll kill you as I would a rat!"

The broker's infuriated assailant did not notice the whirlwind entrance of the young messenger.

All his thoughts were engrossed in an effort to intimidate the man who had him, financially, in his power.

King was a plucky youth and he didn't waste a moment in going to the assistance of his employer.

In the excitement of the moment he didn't consider the risk he was facing himself.

He threw himself on Jabez Dolman, grabbed the wrist of the hand that held the revolver and yanked it up.

This action caused Dolman, whose finger was playing with the trigger, for he was desperately in earnest, to discharge the weapon.

A crash of splintered glass, as the ball bored its flight through the window, mingled with the loud report.

Everybody in the office was startled by the shot.

The noise was also heard out in the corridor, and in many of the neighboring offices, causing considerable commotion and speculation as to what was wrong, and whence the trouble proceeded.

In the meanwhile, King Fairchild had his hands full.

Jabez Dolman was furious over the boy's interference, and being, moreover, a powerful man, the lad soon discovered that he had tackled a serious job.

Dolman, finding that it was necessary to shake the boy off, swung around on him like an enraged tiger.

King gripped him all the tighter and tried to hold on.

While they swayed together in fierce contest for the mastery, Mr. Kellogg endeavored to free his limbs from their weight, for they were struggling almost on top of him.

Before he had quite succeeded in doing so, his cashier, Mr. Gibson, appeared at the door of the private office, closely followed by the clerks from the counting-room.

Several outsiders, having located the scene of the disturbance, joined them from the corridor, and a crowd soon began to collect in the room.

In the midst of it all, King, with all his muscles strained to their limit, was trying to overcome the half-crazy visitor, who, in spite of all he could do, was gradually getting the better of him.

At this terrible crisis in affairs the cashier leaped forward and took a hand in the fracas.

The first thing he did was to wrench the revolver from Dolman's grasp.

Throwing it on the desk, out of his reach, he added his efforts to the boy's to secure the furious broker.

Mr. Kellogg now managed to rise and he immediately grabbed Dolman's other arm.

Even at that the visitor made matters exceedingly uncomfortable for the three persons who were doing their utmost to subdue him.

One of the junior clerks deemed it to be his duty to rush to the telephone booth and call up the police station.

The outer office was now all excitement, and the spectators were momentarily growing in numbers.

Somebody ran to the elevator and told the man in charge of a descending cage to notify the superintendent of the building that there was murder going on in Mr. Kellogg's office.

The superintendent also tried to get the nearest police station on the wire, and finding that the line was busy he ran

upstairs to the second floor and followed the crowd in the Kellogg offices.

He pushed his way through the mob to the private office, expecting to see a dead or wounded man on the floor, but arrived in time to observe the final struggle that ended in the subjugation of Jabez Dolman.

The visiting broker glared at Jack Kellogg with especial vindictiveness.

"I'll do you yet," he gritted. "You haven't seen the last of this thing. I mean to kill you on sight, if I swing for it!"

"Don't talk nonsense, Dolman. You're not in your right mind or you wouldn't talk this way. You've put yourself in a pretty bad hole as it is."

"I shan't forget you, either, boy," Dolman said, in a compressed tone, swinging his head around and giving King a dark look. "Only for you I'd have carried my point. Now it's a cell for me, but you shall pay for it. I'm a man who never forgives or forgets a throw-down."

Then he made another desperate effort to free himself, but as the superintendent of the building also grasped hold of him he hadn't a chance.

A policeman appeared at this point, and Mr. Kellogg requested him to put Jabez Dolman under arrest.

A second officer followed the first.

Between them they handcuffed the broker, led him downstairs to the patrol wagon and carried him to the station, after telling Mr. Kellogg to follow and make the charge.

CHAPTER III.

KING RECEIVES A TOKEN OF HIS EMPLOYER'S GRATITUDE.

It was some little time after the office was cleared of the curious crowd before things quieted down, and the employees got to work again.

King, being the most important factor in the affair outside the two principals, had to satisfy the curiosity of the clerks.

"You're a plucky boy, King," said Mr. Gibson, admiringly. "It is not improbable but you actually saved Mr. Kellogg's life."

"Well, sir, I'm very glad if I did. It would have been a terrible thing had he been shot. Mr. Dolman must have gone clean off his base to attack him with that gun. I wonder what the trouble was?"

"Dolman was caught in the market the other day and cleaned out so badly that he hasn't been able to effect a settlement with Mr. Kellogg," said the cashier. "His trouble has no doubt preyed upon his mind and made him partially irresponsible for his actions."

"He threatened to get square with me."

"I heard him say so; but don't you worry. I hardly think he'll get an opportunity to make trouble for you. He'll be held under heavy bail, for his offence is a very serious one. If Mr. Kellogg pushes the charge he is almost sure of a number of years at Sing Sing. It is possible that the man is actually crazy. In which case he'll be sent to an asylum."

"He ought not to be allowed at large in his present frame of mind," replied King. "He swore he'd kill Mr. Kellogg on sight. If he's at all crazy he might carry out his threat."

"You'd better make a point of that when you're called to testify before the magistrate at his examination. Then it will be up to the judge."

King then went in to see Sylvia Parsons, the stenographer, who had been badly frightened by the trouble in the office.

One of the clerks had given her a lurid account of the affair, and she almost had a fit.

She was in an entirely unfit condition to resume her work when King came up to her desk, looking badly rumpled.

"Oh, King, you were not hurt, were you?" she cried, anxiously, as she grasped his hand in her trembling ones. "You look as if —"

"I'd been in a scrap, eh?" he interrupted her with a laugh. "No, I'm all right, Silvie. The boss, however, had a narrow squeak for his life."

"So Mr. Edwards was telling me. He said that Broker Dolman tried to shoot him."

"It looked as if he meant to when I rushed into the office on hearing the noise he and Mr. Kellogg made while struggling. He had the boss down on the floor with his gun at Mr. K's head. I pulled his arm up and the revolver went off. The bullet went through the window."

"I never was so startled in my life as when I heard that pistol shot," said the pretty stenographer, with a shudder. "I thought somebody had been killed or committed suicide."

"I don't wonder. It was enough to give any one a shock, coming so unexpectedly. However, the trouble is all over now."

"Did they take the man to prison?"

"They carried him to the station in a patrol wagon. They had to handcuff him, he was in such a desperate frame of mind. They'll take him to the Tombs this afternoon, I guess, and to-morrow morning he'll be examined in the Police Court."

"I feel sorry for his wife and family."

"A man never seems to consider his family when he goes on the warpath."

"Do you think he was wholly in his right mind? It doesn't seem natural for a Wall Street broker to adopt such desperate measures to achieve some purpose he has in mind. Do you know what the trouble was about?"

King told her what the cashier had said about Dolman's financial difficulties, and his inability to settle with Mr. Kellogg.

They talked a while longer over the matter, during which Miss Parsons gradually recovered her composure.

The fact of the matter was she had been much worked up on Fairchild's account, for she had a strong regard for the young messenger, their relations being very friendly and confidential.

King was a boy who took well with the girls, not only because he was good-looking, but because his manner was engaging, and his nature sympathetic.

He talked to Sylvia as he would to his sister, confided to her all his aspirations for the future, and told her about all his stock operations.

She knew how hard he had struggled to support his mother and brothers and sisters during his first two years' service at the office, and she thought very highly of him for the many sacrifices he had been called upon to make.

So when his little bank account began to grow with each speculation, she found herself taking a great interest in his success.

"I have something to tell you, Sylvia," he said, changing the topic.

"What is it?"

"I've just gone into a new speculative venture."

"Really? What stock is it this time?"

"C. & D. I've got a tip on the situation, which indicates a coming boom of several points. I believe I've got hold of a sure thing at last. At any rate, I've been rash enough to invest nearly every dollar of my capital in the shares."

"Oh, King! Are you sure you've done right in taking such a risk?" she asked, with some concern.

"If I hadn't thought I was right I shouldn't have gone ahead. It's the first time I ever got hold of a tip that really looked to be worth anything."

"But are you sure it is a good one?"

"I see no reason to doubt it's worth. I got it through my friend Joe Judson. He accidentally learned facts about C. & D. of great importance, and not being able to turn them to his own account he put me wise to them, for which I mean to give him \$100 after the deal is over."

"You seem to have great confidence in him."

"I have. He's all right. This isn't the first good turn he's done me, though it's the first pointer he's ever given me."

"I hope you'll come out all right. I should feel very sorry to hear that you had made a mistake and lost your money, after all the effort you've made to accumulate your capital."

"I hope to make \$2,000 by this deal."

"As much as that?" she said, in some surprise.

"Yes, as much as that. I've coppered 200 shares, and an advance of ten points will give me almost that profit."

"Dear me. I shall be on pins and needles until I hear how you come out."

"Don't worry," replied King, laughingly, "I'll come out all right."

At that moment the cashier came over and told him that Mr. Kellogg was back from the station and wanted to see him in his private room, so the boy went in to see what he wanted.

"Sit down, King," said the broker. "I want to thank you for getting me out of a pretty tight hole. I honestly believe that you saved my life, for if ever there was murder in a man's eyes, it was in Dolman's when he had me down on the floor here, with the muzzle of his revolver pressed against my temple."

"Well, sir. I am glad I was of service to you when you needed it. It certainly was my duty to save you from being maltreated by your crazy visitor."

"But it isn't every boy who has the nerve to act as promptly and as resolutely as you did in such an emergency. You exercised great presence of mind. I hope you will let me testify my appreciation of your conduct in some substantial way."

"I don't ask to be rewarded, sir."

"No matter. To begin with, I am going to raise your wages at once to \$10."

"Well, sir, I won't refuse that. I shall try to earn it."

"I am perfectly satisfied that you will earn it. Then I'd like to give you \$1,000 as a little nest-egg for the future."

"I don't want to be paid——" began King.

"I am not paying you a cent. I am giving you a slight token of my gratitude. I shan't feel satisfied unless you accept it."

"Very well, sir. If you insist I oughtn't to refuse, I suppose."

Mr. Kellogg produced his check-book, filled in on one of the slips and signed it.

"There," he said. "The cashier of the Manhattan National knows you, and will put the check through for you. You can then take the money to a savings bank and deposit it."

"Thank you, sir," replied King, taking it.

"I can spare you long enough to go and draw the money, or if you prefer you can get it when you make my daily deposit later on."

"I think that will do as well," answered the boy.

The broker then turned to his desk and King returned to his chair in the waiting-room.

Before sitting down, however, he took a look at the tape and noticed that C. & D. had gone up a point.

"That puts me \$200 to the good already," he said, complacently. "Nine more points will add another cipher to that figure, and then I shall begin to consider myself something of a capitalist."

That afternoon when he cashed his check he went directly to the little bank on Nassau street and bought another hundred shares of C. & D. at 58.

CHAPTER IV.

KING'S SUCCESSFUL DEAL IN C. & D.

Of course, the story of the trouble in Broker Kellogg's office was printed in all the afternoon papers; but long before that the news had spread through Wall Street, and was the principal topic of conversation in the Exchange.

Somebody connected with the office where Nellie Fairchild worked read the account, and knowing that the girl's brother worked for Mr. Kellogg, showed the paper to her.

Nellie was very much disturbed and excited over the narrative, and wanted to go around to Mr. Kellogg's office to see whether or not her brother had been hurt.

The cashier suggested that a quicker way for her to find out would be to telephone to Kellogg's office.

She did that at once and was answered by Sylvia Parsons, who told her that her brother was out at that moment, and assured her that King had not suffered in the least.

"I'm so glad to hear that," replied Nellie. "Are you Miss Parsons?"

"Yes," replied Sylvia.

"King has often spoken to me about you," said Nellie. "In fact, he is never tired of telling mother and I what a nice girl you are."

"I'm sure I feel highly flattered by such an expression of his good opinion of me," laughed Sylvia.

"I have such confidence in my brother's statements that I am sure you must be every bit as nice as he says you are," went on Nellie, sweetly.

"You are very kind to say so, Miss Fairchild," replied Sylvia. "I hope I shall have the pleasure of making your acquaintance soon."

"I shall be very glad to know you, too," answered Nellie. "King has asked me to come over and let him introduce me to you, but somehow I never availed myself of the chance."

"Then you must do so as soon as possible. King is one of the nicest boys I know, and, of course, his sister must be very much like him."

"You really mustn't begin throwing compliments at me until you have seen me, for you might be disappointed."

"I don't think so. You seem to have a sweet voice, if the phone is to be relied on, and I——"

Here Sylvia was interrupted by King himself, who came to tell her that Mr. Kellogg wanted to see her.

"I was just talking to your sister on the wire. She phoned

to know if you had been hurt. Take my place and talk to her yourself."

"Is that you, sis?" asked King.

"Yes. I just saw the story in the paper about the trouble in your office. Your name is mentioned as one of the principal participants, and I was afraid that you might have been injured in some way, though the paper did not say that anybody was hurt."

"I'm all right, Nellie, so don't you worry about me. I'll tell you all about the affair to-night. Yes, Miss Parsons is a very nice girl. Haven't I told you so a hundred times? Will I introduce you? Why, of course I will. I've been wanting to make you two acquainted ever so long, but you hung back. Come over to-morrow at about lunch-time if you can, and if I'm in I'll introduce you. You'll fall in love with her at once. Don't be foolish. Good-by."

King hung up the receiver and returned to the reception-room.

He had hardly taken his seat before Joe Judson bounced in.

"Hello," said Joe, "you been having the deuce of a time here to-day, according to what I've heard. What was the trouble about?"

"It's in the afternoon papers," replied Fairchild.

"Is it? Well, suppose you tell me, as I haven't seen a paper yet."

King obligingly gave him all the particulars.

"Gee whiz! What a nerve you've got. It's a wonder Dolman didn't shoot you. You know it's the fellow who butts in that always gets it in the neck."

"I'm glad to say, then, that I missed what, according to your idea, was coming to me. It was a pretty tough mix-up while it lasted."

"It must have been. Well, I'll see you later. I haven't any more time now."

Joe hustled out of the office and King took up a paper.

When he got home that afternoon he found his mother anxiously looking for him.

A neighbor, who had read about the racket in Mr. Kellogg's office, had made it her business to drop in at the Fairchild flat and tell the news to Mrs. Fairchild.

Although nothing had been printed about anybody having been hurt in the scrape, the little mother was, nevertheless, somewhat worried about her big son.

It was a great relief to her when he came in looking none the worse, and she was eager to learn all the facts.

King had a paper in his pocket and he first read the story as the reporter made it out.

Then he corrected the writer's errors, and added such particulars as did not appear in the printed account.

Next morning Mr. Kellogg, King and the cashier were notified to appear at the Tombs court at ten o'clock.

After some minor cases had been disposed of Jabez Dolman was called to the bar to answer the charge of assault with intent to kill.

He pleaded not guilty and was represented by a well-known lawyer.

After the witnesses had testified he made a statement on his own behalf.

The magistrate ruled that it was a case for the grand jury, and remanded the broker, fixing his bail at a good-sized sum.

The bail was subsequently furnished and he was released until wanted.

When King returned to the office he found to his satisfaction that C. & D. had gone up another point, owing to the fact that a rumor was circulating around the Street about the absorption of the stock of the V. & Q. Short Line.

Before the Exchange closed there developed some demand for C. & D. shares, and the stock finally closed at 59 5-8.

Next morning the financial papers and the daily press printed paragraphs on the subject of the acquisition of the Short Line by the C. & D., though the news was not announced as official.

All this produced an extra liveliness around the C. & D. standard when the Exchange opened, and a number of brokers began bidding for the shares.

They appeared to be scarce and by noon the price went to 62.

While King was watching the ticker, about half-past twelve, his sister walked into the reception-room.

"So you've managed to get here at last, have you, sis?" he said. "I thought you were going to disappoint us again.

You know Miss Parsons looked for you yesterday, and you didn't show up."

"I told you last night why I couldn't," replied his sister.

"So you did. However, now that you actually have come I'll take you right in and introduce you."

He led the way to the office stenographer's desk.

"This is my sister, Miss Parsons. Nellie, this is Sylvia."

The girls smiled and shook hands.

King pushed an extra chair forward for his sister to sit down.

The girls took to each other at once and were soon like old friends.

King remained only a moment, for Mr. Kellogg's bell summoned him into the private office, and he found he had to carry a message to the Astor Building.

When he returned his sister had gone back to her own office.

"I like your sister ever so much," said Sylvia, beamingly.

"I knew you would," replied the young messenger. "She's the best girl in the world. I know only one like her, and that is—"

"Who?" asked Sylvia, as King paused.

"Yourself."

"Dear me! I feel real flattered," she replied, with a blush.

"I'm not flattering you—only telling the exact truth."

Miss Parsons made no reply, but bent over the typewriter on pretence that something about the machine needed her attention at that moment.

"By the way," continued the boy, "C. & D. is up to 63 on the tape, an advance of six points, and the news that the road has gobbled up the V. & Q. Short Line hasn't as yet been confirmed. When it is, I'll bet it will go to 70."

"I sincerely hope it will, King, for your sake," said Sylvia, in a tone that showed she meant it.

The news was confirmed in all the papers next day and a rush of buying orders sent C. & D. to 70 by one o'clock.

King, as soon as he saw the quotation on the tape, began to think about selling his shares at once.

He found no chance to go to the bank until after the Exchange had closed for the day.

C. & D. was strong at 72 3-8.

King ordered his holdings to be disposed of at the market in the morning.

This was done at 72 5-8, and when he got his statement on the day after he found he had made \$3,000 on his 200 shares and \$1,400 on his 100 lot.

He had come out fifty per cent, better than he originally expected, and was as happy as a bird over his good luck.

He was now worth \$6,600, one hundred of which he handed over to Joe Judson that afternoon, and \$500 he took home and presented to his surprised and very much delighted mother, who declared that it was as good as an unexpected legacy.

CHAPTER V.

KING IS APPROACHED BY AN EMISSARY OF DOLMAN'S.

For the next few weeks nothing out of the usual run happened to King Fairchild, who ran errands for Mr. Kellogg and studied the stock market on his own account in much the same way he had been doing for the year past.

Sylvia Parsons and Nellie Fairchild cultivated each other's acquaintance since their introduction and became the warmest of friends, much to King's satisfaction.

When Mr. Kellogg, his messenger and the cashier were summoned before the grand jury to furnish evidence on which an indictment could be returned against Jabez Dolman, considerable pressure was brought to bear on the former to induce him to make his testimony as favorable as possible for Dolman.

Mr. Kellogg, while willing to give the accused the benefit of every doubt, refused to let up on him altogether.

Fairchild's testimony was plain, straightforward and to the point, and Gibson, the cashier, made no bones about telling the exact facts as he knew them.

The result was that the grand jury returned an indictment against Dolman, and the documents in the case were sent to the District Attorney's office.

In the meantime Dolman had been suspended by the Exchange and had gone on the curb.

His friends helped him along, and there was a fair chance of his getting on his feet, for Mr. Kellogg had agreed to accept a settlement on receipt of four endorsed notes covering in all the period of one year.

One day, as the time drew near for the trial of Dolman, King was stopped on the street by a strange man.

"When can I have a confidential talk with you, young man?" he asked.

"A confidential talk with me!" exclaimed the surprised boy. "I don't know what you mean. Who are you? I never saw you before in my life."

"My name is Burns; but that is a matter of no consequence. I wish to have a talk with you in reference to the approaching trial of Mr. Dolman, the broker, accused of murderous assault on your employer, Jack Kellogg."

"I don't see why I should have any talk with you on the subject," replied King, coolly.

"It will be to your interest to do so," answered the man. "In what way?"

"I have a proposition to make to you."

"Did Mr. Dolman send you to bribe me not to appear as a witness at his trial?"

"Bribe is an ugly word to use, Fairchild. I have come to talk to you under instructions from Mr. Dolman's friends who have interested themselves in his behalf. They expect to show that the broker was acting under a temporary aberration of the mind, a kind of emotional insanity, brought about by his sudden business losses. Mr. Kellogg has been seen, and shows a willingness to strain a point in favor of his brother trader. Now, your evidence is rather damaging, and if you persist in swearing in court to the same line of testimony you offered before the grand jury it will only tend to complicate matters, and make it harder for Dolman's lawyers to convince the judge and jury that their client is guiltless of any real animosity toward Mr. Kellogg."

"Do you mean to say that you expect to prove by expert testimony that Mr. Dolman was crazy at the time of the assault?"

"We hope to."

"Then he ought to be sent to an asylum, for he is dangerous."

"He is perfectly sane now, and was up to the morning of the trouble in Kellogg's office."

"Oh, he is?" replied King, sarcastically.

"He certainly is."

"Admitting for the sake of argument that what you say is correct, isn't it a fact that the next time he meets with a financial reverse he may act in the same irresponsible fashion, and perhaps commit actual murder?"

"Not at all," replied the stranger, glibly. "The cause that led to Dolman's outbreak was exceptional, and not likely to happen again to him; or even if it did it does not follow that his mind will again be overbalanced."

"I don't quite see the force of your arguments," replied King. "I can see, however, what you are trying to get at. You want me to change my testimony at the trial, or at least modify it that Mr. Dolman's murderous attack on Mr. Kellogg, and incidentally on myself, when I interfered, may be made as light as possible."

"That's about the idea."

"Don't you know that my testimony before the grand jury will be under the eyes of the District Attorney, or his assistant, and that if I vary my evidence in the witness chair I will be asked for an explanation?"

"That's easily got over. You can state that after due reflection you have since become convinced that you were biased in your first judgment of the assault."

"And don't you think that will lead to a suspicion that I have been tampered with by agents for the prisoner?"

"Suspicion is not proof."

"At any rate, the prosecution would handle me without gloves."

"We are willing to make it worth your while to stand a little brow-beating from the public prosecutor. I have been instructed to offer you \$1,000, to be paid \$500 down and \$500 after the trial. You couldn't earn money easier."

"And what about my conscience?"

"The knowledge that you have saved a fellow-being from the disgrace of a term in State prison ought to satisfy any scruples you might have in the matter."

"I don't see it in that light. My mother has always told me to tell the truth under all circumstances, and I mean to stick to that principle as long as I live. An honest and straightforward statement may be attacked, but it cannot be upset; while a single lie made to conceal something breeds others to defend and justify the first, and is liable to involve a person in no end of difficulty. That is the only answer I can give to your proposal."

The stranger received his words with a look of disappointment and annoyance.

"Look here, Fairchild, you are young and untrained as yet in the world and its ways. You will find out as you grow older that the exact truth is not always to be spoken. Too much frankness leads to as much trouble as too many lies. The guiding principle in this world is policy—make no mistake about that. The wise man is he who is governed by circumstances. There are a lot of things that happen every day under a person's observation that it is better for him to pretend not to see. Why is it that a robbery, or even worse, has often been committed in broad daylight, in the presence of many people, and yet the perpetrators have got off untouched? It is because people do not like to butt in. They have discovered that it does not pay to do so. Suppose the guilty party is afterwards caught by the police, do these people come forward and offer themselves as witnesses to insure his conviction? Not a bit of it. Very well. In your case you did quite right to interfere, because it was your employer who was assaulted. Had it been otherwise you would have been a fool. You have no strong personal reason for wanting to send Dolman up the river. Therefore it is policy for you to hold off. And policy, mind you, is self-interest every time. I hope I have made it clear to you."

"You have. Policy is all right in its way. But I'm not going to queer myself in court and get into all kinds of trouble, merely to save Mr. Dolman's character at the expense of my own. That would be very poor policy."

"You are a foolish and obstinate boy," replied the stranger angrily.

"I hope not. I mean to try to do the right thing as I understand it."

"The right thing in this case is to strain a point in the interest of a man who has been placed in a bad hole by circumstances."

"I am not responsible for Mr. Dolman's actions. A man may commit murder under the influence of liquor, but that fact does not excuse him, nor will it keep him from the electric chair."

"Then you refuse to modify your testimony in court?"

"I shall tell the truth."

"You are a fool."

"Thank you. You are a—gentleman."

The stranger glared a moment at King, and then turned on his heel and walked away.

The boy looked after him and then went on about his business.

CHAPTER VI.

JOE JUDSON STICKS TO HIS FRIEND.

When King found an opportunity that day he told Mr. Kellogg about the interview he had had with an emissary of Mr. Dolman's.

"You acted quite right, King, in refusing to fall in with his views. You cannot go back on your sworn testimony before the grand jury without getting yourself into a peck of trouble. Neither you, nor I, nor Mr. Gibson, can go back on the facts of the case. We have nothing to do with the plea of emotional insanity, which will probably be Dolman's defense. It is up to the public prosecutor to combat that. For my part I don't believe Dolman was any more insane than you and I are at this moment, except perhaps with rage. He wanted to get out of paying more than half of his indebtedness to me, and when I refused to settle on such terms he turned on me like a wild animal. The fact that he carried a revolver in his pocket is a bad point against him, and will work greatly to his disadvantage at the trial. He knows that and is making a desperate effort to squelch the testimony against him. If he has to depend altogether on his plea of insanity it is possible a commission may be appointed to examine into his mental condition, and if he escape a prison he is liable to be sent to an asylum or sanitarium for a time at least. Such things are done even when a person is admittedly sane, if the expert testimony brought to save him from the consequences of his guilt creates a reasonable doubt as to his general mental accountability."

King also told Sylvia about the man who had approached him in the interest of Broker Dolman.

She, too, agreed that he had done the right thing to have nothing to do with the other side of the case.

His mother and sister likewise held the same view when he told his story at the supper-table.

"You will have nothing to accuse yourself with afterward

if you simply tell the truth, my son," said Mrs. Fairchild. "The man's innocence or guilt will be decided by the jury."

Saturday evening Joe Judson called on King and asked him to go to the New Star Theater to see a sensational melodrama.

Fairchild agreed to go and told his mother where he was bound.

They were gone perhaps half an hour when there was a ring at the flat bell.

A man, with a thick muffler about his throat and his hat pulled well down over his forehead, came upstairs and asked for King.

"He is not in," said Mrs. Fairchild. "He went to the theater with a friend."

"What theater, madam?"

"The New Star, on Lexington avenue."

"Thank you, madam," replied the visitor, turning to go downstairs.

"Who shall I tell him called?" asked the little mother.

"It doesn't matter. I may call to-morrow evening," was the hurried reply.

Mrs. Fairchild went to the window to see if her daughter Nellie, who was out, was coming up the street, and she noticed a cab drawn up in front of the door below.

A moment later a man, who looked like the one who had been inquiring for King, came out of the flat and jumped up beside the driver.

The vehicle then drove off downtown.

At eleven o'clock the show was over at the New Star Theater, and King and Joe started for their homes.

They intended to take a north-bound Lexington avenue car, but the first one standing in front of the theater was already crowded to its capacity, so they started down the avenue to board the next one before it got as far as the theater.

When half-way down the next block they saw it approaching, three blocks away, so they kept on to the corner.

They casually noticed that a cab was keeping pace with them along the avenue.

Two men who had not come out of the theater were walking close behind them.

As they started to cross the street at the next crossing the cab stopped right in their path.

As they digressed to pass around the vehicle the two men in question suddenly seized them both with a strangle hold and choked them into a dazed condition.

The darkness of the avenue favored their plans and no one appeared to the assistance of the boys.

Judson was dragged to the sidewalk and thrown down near the curb while King was forced into the cab, both men following.

As soon as the door slammed shut the driver whipped up his horses.

Joe, being a tougher subject than King to overcome by the strangle grip on account of his bull neck, recovered his full senses almost as soon as the man had dropped him.

He sat up and saw his friend pushed into the cab.

He sprang forward to help King just as the vehicle started off.

The hind wheel brushed against his leg as the cab half turned to go down the cross street toward the East River.

There were two projecting springs on the rear axle.

On the spur of the moment Joe laid his hands on them and swung himself half under the vehicle as it dashed off.

It was an exceedingly tickless manner of stealing a ride, but Joe was taking the risk in the interest of Fairchild, and if there was one thing to be admired about William Parker's messenger it was his loyalty to a friend.

Joe was treated to an awful jolting as the cab swept down the street in the direction of the river.

He clung on with a bulldog tenacity, for he was going to save King if he could.

He supposed that the rascals who had assaulted them were going through his companion in the vehicle, and that they would probably drop him somewhere down the street.

It did not immediately occur to Joe that if such was their object it was singular that they had not also carried him off for the same purpose.

However, the cab didn't stop until the river was reached.

It swung around and paused close to a small wharf.

The door opened and one of the men got out, as Joe recovered his feet and crouched down under the cab.

The other man passed King, who was quite unconscious, out to his companion.

Then both of them carried Fairchild onto the wharf and laid him close to a stringer, after which they returned to talk to the driver.

While the attention of the three were engaged on one side of the vehicle, Joe slipped around the other, and, taking advantage of the intense darkness, ran behind a spile head.

He saw a flight of steps leading down to the water, close by, and he wondered if the men were going on the river with their victim.

"I can't understand this thing at all," he muttered to himself. "Why should they bring King down here? If they merely intended to rob him they could have done that in the cab and then dumped him out on the sidewalk. It is clear that they have some other end in view. What can it be? I don't like the looks of the affair at all."

At that moment the cab drove off and the two men came back to the spot where they had left Fairchild.

"Go down and see if the boat is where I left it," said one.

His companion obeyed and announced, from the darkness, that it was there.

"Well, come up and help me carry the boy down."

"You are sure we shall find the wagon ready on the other side?" said the man when he came up.

"There isn't any doubt about it. Our arrangements have all been carefully made. We'll find it in a shed not far from the wharf, in charge of a half-witted lad who lives over a saloon near by."

"We're very liable to miss our way across in the gloom. The night is pitch dark."

"We shall have the lantern at the end of the ferry-house to guide us. The wharf we are aiming for is the second one this side of the ferry."

"It's quite a pull across for us, who are not expert boatmen."

"Oh, it won't take long. Come on. Grab him by the heels and I'll take him by the shoulders."

In that way they carried the senseless King down the steps to the boat, and Joe presently heard them push off.

He had heard all their conversation, but there was nothing in it to explain their purpose in carrying his friend off.

Joe noted one thing, and that was that the two men did not seem to be a type of ruffians, but rather persons of some apparent respectability.

Joe being now aware of the place where they intended to land on the other side, began to figure on how he should cross the river himself.

At that moment he saw a ferryboat coming into her slip a block above.

That suggested the way he could get over, but whether he would be able to reach the second wharf below the ferry landing on the Long Island side of the river before the men in the boat did was a question he couldn't answer.

At any rate, he would do his best to head them off, and that was all he could do.

So he hastened to the ferry slip, boarded the boat and was soon on his way across the East River.

CHAPTER VII.

JOE JUDSON TAKES A FREE RIDE.

When the ferryboat reached her slip on the other side Joe hurried ashore and walked down the water front to the second wharf below the ferry slip.

This he easily located, in spite of the darkness.

Then he looked around for the shed where the horse and wagon alluded to by one of King's abductors was supposed to be.

Facing the wharf was a cross street, and Joe walked up in the middle of the way looking for the shed in question.

He couldn't see anything that in the slightest degree resembled a shed.

He noticed a small vacant lot, however, and he wondered if the shed was anywhere in that.

Entering the lot he felt his way forward in the gloom, and at length saw a low building right before him.

"I wonder if that's the shed?" he asked himself.

He walked up to the wide doorway, which was open, and then he noticed an object crouching at one corner.

It sprang to its feet and began to chuckle in a weird kind of way, and for the moment Joe was quite startled and stepped back.

Then he recollects that the man had told his companion

that the team was in charge of a half-witted boy, who lived over a saloon close by.

This must be the boy to whom he had referred.

Such being the case, the team they were going to use was inside the shed.

Joe thought he'd make sure, so he stepped inside the door, lit a match and looked the place over.

The boy did not interfere, though he kept his eyes on Judson, and never ceased chuckling to himself, as if he was very much amused at something.

There was a strong-looking mare, harnessed to a light farm wagon, in the shed.

In the wagon were two barrels that looked to be empty, and a couple of folded blankets.

At the rear of the shed was an open window.

Joe, thoroughly satisfied that the two men intended to carry King off somewhere in this wagon, decided what he would do, trusting to luck for the success of his plan.

His idea was to crawl into one of the barrels and allow himself to be carried off with King.

As the half-witted boy never took his eyes off him, he could do nothing as matters stood.

If he made any attempt to get into one of the barrels he was sure that the boy would either stop him or call the attention of the men when they arrived to the fact that he was in the barrel.

The open window at the back, however, suggested how he might be able to enter the shed again, unobserved by the boy.

To give the half-witted watcher the impression that he was going away, he walked up to him, held out his hand, and when the boy, with a chuckle took it, he shook it and then walked off into the darkness toward the street.

He only went half-way up the lot.

Then he crossed to the side and crept down toward the corner of the shed.

At that moment he thought he heard the sound of voices in the direction of the street.

"I haven't a moment to lose if those are the two men with King," he said.

He passed quickly around the end of the shed to the back. The window was close at hand.

With very little noise he succeeded in crawling through it into the shed.

He felt his way to the wagon, mounted one of the wheels, found, by moving them, that both barrels were empty, and then got into one just as the two men appeared at the door, bearing the unconscious form of King between them.

They laid him upon the floor till one of them took a lantern out of the wagon and lighted it.

Then he climbed in, placed the lantern on the driver's seat, and began to spread the blankets out on the bottom of the wagon.

As soon as he had done that to his satisfaction, he called to his companion:

"Lift the boy up here, Burns, and then we'll be off."

King was deposited on the blankets and covered up, then the lantern was blown out, the men took possession of the seat, and one of them, seizing the reins, drove the team out of the shed, into the lot, thence to the street, and up the street at a smart pace.

The team passed from street to street, the houses growing more and more scattered until a country road was reached, and along this they rattled at a fast clip.

The driver and his companion talked constantly, and Joe Judson, with his head out of the barrel, listened to their conversation.

He soon learned enough to throw a light on what had seemed to him a great mystery.

These two men, acting in the interests of Jabez Dolman, the broker who was on the eve of his trial for assault on Mr. Jack Kellogg, were removing King Fairchild from New York so that he should not appear in court to give damaging testimony against the accused broker.

He was to be held a prisoner for an indefinite time on a certain farm in the vicinity of the town of Babylon.

A scheme was also under way to secure the silence of Broker Kellogg.

It was along toward three in the morning when the wagon finally turned into a lane that led up to a farmyard, and stopped close to a barn.

Joe's first idea was to get out of the barrel and leave the wagon in the lane, but was afraid that such action would attract the notice of the men on the seat.

So he bobbed down and kept very quiet.

The men removed the still unconscious form of King from the blankets, and walked off with him.

Joe watched them carry him into the barn, and as soon as they had disappeared with their burden he got out of his cramped quarters.

"Gee! I'm glad to get a chance to stretch my limbs. I never was so cramped up in my life before. However, it is in a good cause, so I don't care. I wonder whereabouts in the barn they are putting him?"

At that moment he saw the gleam from the lantern they carried flashing through a crack in one of the shutters of the loft of the barn.

"Ho! They've got him up there, eh? Well, then, I'll just sneak inside, below, and hide myself somewhere. After they've turned in for the rest of the night I'll see if I can't get King out of his hole."

Accordingly, Joe made a break for the door of the barn, which stood invitingly open, and entered the place.

There were plows and other agricultural implements ranged about, and three stalls for horses, two of which were occupied.

There was also a pile of loose hay under an open trap, and into this the boy crawled.

At the opposite side of the building a rough stairway led to the left.

After a little while Joe heard the two men come down the stairs and go outside.

Presently one of them led the mare inside and placed her in the vacant stall.

After that the big door was closed and secured by a padlock on the outside.

"I'm safe here for a few hours, at any rate," Joe said to himself, emerging from the hay. "I'll go upstairs and see what they've done with King."

He had seen the man who brought in the mare hang the lantern, after he had extinguished it, on a nail in one of the posts.

Striking a match, he took down the lantern, lit it and started up the stairs for the loft.

He was careful to shade the light with his jacket lest its gleam, shining through one of the cracks in the shutters, might be seen from without and noticed by the men from the house.

Joe inspected a good part of the loft before he located his friend.

King was lying on a rude cot, covered with a blanket.

"He has been drugged," said Judson, looking down at the boy's white face and inert figure. "He may not wake up for hours. It will be impossible for me to get him away in that shape, unless I lowered him out of one of the windows and then carried him to some place of shelter near by. That is altogether too awkward a scheme for me to carry out successfully. Then what am I to do? It will be daylight in a couple of hours, the farm hands will be astir, and I'll have to remain concealed in this place all day. However, it is Sunday, and there is not much danger that I will be disturbed. Still, without anything to eat, it will be most unpleasant for me. However, they'll bring King something to eat, and maybe it'll do for both of us. He'll be mighty glad to know I'm around when he recovers his senses and finds that he is a prisoner."

Having made up his mind that nothing could be done for the present, and having decided to conceal himself in the great mass of hay in the loft, Joe returned the lantern to the hook below, for he knew its absence would create suspicion in the mind of the man who had hung it there, went back to the loft and, burrowing a bed for himself under the hay, crawled in and was soon asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

KING FINDS HIMSELF IN A QUEER SITUATION.

It was broad daylight, and the sunlight was shining through the cracks in the shutters of the loft when King Fairchild came to himself.

For a moment or two he thought he was at home in his room in bed.

Only for a moment the impression prevailed, for he was soon aware that there was something new and strange about his surroundings.

He started to raise himself up to see where he really was, when he became conscious that his arms were tied close to his hips.

"Why, what's happened to me?" he asked himself, wonderingly, for the events of the previous night had not yet occurred to him.

He tried to put his feet off the cot on the floor, and was astonished to find that his ankles were tied together.

He lay back and tried to think.

His head felt dizzy and pained him a good bit.

He found it hard to collect his thoughts so as to think collectively.

A quarter of an hour passed and then his brain began to clear.

He began to remember things, and it wasn't long before he recollects that he and Joe had gone to the New Star Theater, and after that—ah, yes; they were attacked on the avenue and he was choked until he was unable to offer further resistance.

Then he was put into a cab, which drove off immediately, and—that was all he could remember.

He began to realize that he had been brought to this place, which looked like the inside of a barn.

His fettered limbs showed that it was the intention of the men to keep him a prisoner for some purpose.

Who they were, and why they should want to do this, puzzled him not a little, and, we may also say, disquieted him.

He finally managed to struggle into a sitting posture on the cot, and then he saw that the place was a barn—a good-sized one.

At that moment there was a noise downstairs as some one opened the big door and entered the building.

He came straight upstairs, opened one of the shutters, thereby diffusing more light and air in the loft, and then approached the corner where the prisoner was.

King looked hard at him.

He was sure that he had never seen the man before.

The newcomer was dressed in a genteel business suit, with a gold watch-chain across his vest, and a new soft-crowned hat on his head.

He did not look like a man of evil design, but then one never can tell by appearances.

"Hello!" he said, looking at King, with half a smile. "I see you're awake."

"Yes, I'm awake, and I'd like to have an explanation."

"An explanation, eh? About what?"

"I want to know why I was brought here?"

"That's easily answered. For the good of somebody's health."

"Somebody's health!"

"Exactly," replied the man, dryly.

"I don't quite understand you."

"You will later."

"Why not now?" asked King, impatiently.

"Because I am not engineering the scheme."

"What scheme?"

"You will probably learn in good time from—well, the man who has charge of the matter."

"Then you won't tell me why I was brought here?" said King, in a disappointed tone.

"I have no right to tell you anything."

"Why are my arms and ankles bound?"

"Merely as a precaution."

"Against what?"

"Against you taking French leave."

"But I suppose you keep the door locked."

"Of course; but you could easily get out by any of these windows if you were at liberty."

"It seems to me that I am to be kept a prisoner here for some purpose that you won't explain."

"There isn't any doubt about that," replied the man, with another half smile.

"Well, it's a mystery to me. I can't see the object in my being kept a prisoner. The man who you say is at the bottom of this outrage must have mistaken me for somebody else."

"No, he hasn't. We know you, all right."

"Who am I?"

"King Fairchild, a Wall Street messenger boy."

King drew a long breath and looked his surprise.

He had confidently expected to hear the man call him by some name he had never heard of before, instead of which they had his real identity down pat enough.

The man laughed at the look on the prisoner's face.

"You see there isn't any mistake about the matter at all."

"I see you know who I am," admitted the boy; "but I'd give

something to know why I have been brought to this barn. Where am I? Up in the Bronx?"

"No."

"Somewhere in the city?"

The man shook his head.

"Aren't you going to throw any light on the subject?"

"I have no authority to open my mouth."

"Then I wish you to tell the man who is responsible for my being here that I want to see him."

"You'll see him presently."

"It's beginning to strike me that I've heard your voice before," said King, looking more narrowly at the man. "If I have, then you are evidently disguised. Is that beard of yours false?"

"No reflections, young man."

"All right," replied King. "Is it the purpose of the man who is working this scheme to keep me here long?"

"You'll have to ask him for any information you want."

"What did you come here for?"

"To see whether you'd come to your senses yet."

"Then you can go back and report that I'm wide awake."

"I suppose you feel as if you'd like some breakfast?"

"I shouldn't object to it."

"I will bring it to you."

"I can't eat it with my hands tied."

"I'll loose your hands for the time being."

"When shall I see the other man?"

"When he gets ready to call on you."

"That's rather indefinite."

"It's the best I can tell you, as I am not master of his actions."

The speaker had evidently said all that he was going to then, for he turned on his heel, went downstairs, and King heard him walk out of the barn.

"I don't like the looks of this thing for a red cent," muttered the boy after he was left alone. "There's something queer about it. I'll bet I've met that chap before, for his voice is familiar. Who the dickens can he be? That's a false beard he had on, all right. Maybe the fact that I've made some money in stocks has leaked out in some way, and that this is a job put up on me to get it away from me. They will have a sweet time doing it," he said, resolutely. "I wonder what they take me for?"

Just then King heard a noise at the other end of the room.

He looked in that direction.

A portion of the hay in the big pile was moving.

A head appeared, which seemed to reconnoiter its surroundings cautiously.

Then a pair of stout shoulders appeared, followed by the rest of the body.

Lastly came the legs, and the person stood up.

King gave a gasp of surprise, for surely that was his friend, Joe Judson.

CHAPTER IX.

JOE JUDSON THROWS A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

King watched the figure as he crept to the open window and looked furtively out.

The sunlight shining on his features showed Fairchild that it was Joe beyond any doubt.

So Joe had been brought here, too.

And yet, if that was so, why was it he was at liberty, while he, King, was bound hand and foot?

Was this another feature of the mystery?

He decided to attract his friend's attention.

"Say, Joe."

Judson turned from the window and came toward him.

"Glad to see you've got over your insensibility, King," he said, in a low voice.

"Yes, I've woke up."

"Got any pain in your head?"

"I should say that I had. I don't often have a headache, but I've a peach this morning."

"I don't wonder. I suppose you know that you were drugged?"

"Drugged! Me drugged! Not to my knowledge, yet I must admit that my head felt pretty queer when I first woke up."

"You were drugged, all right."

"How do you know I was?" asked King, in surprise.

"Because I had a good look at you after you were first brought here."

"Oh, you did? Were you brought here, too, by those men who, it seems, kidnaped me last night?"

"No. I came on my own hook."

"On your own hook! I don't understand you."

"I followed you. Or, rather, I followed you across the river and came the rest of the way in the wagon with you, only I was hidden in an empty barrel, and the men had no idea of my presence."

"I'm not very wise on the subject yet."

"I'll tell you the whole story as soon as I get a chance. At present, I am afraid somebody might come into the barn at any moment, and if that person should get on to the fact that I am here there would be something doing. I'm here to help you out of your scrape, but the only way that I have any show of doing it is by keeping out of sight of the men who had engineered the scheme to bring you here and hold you a prisoner for some time."

"You seem to know something about the matter?" said King, a bit surprised.

"I do. I heard them talking the whole thing over in the wagon on the road here."

"What do you mean by here? Where are we?"

"On a Long Island farm somewhere in the neighborhood of the town of Babylon."

"Is that really a fact?"

"It is. It took them about three hours to drive here from the river, and they had a pretty smart nag at that. That was the worst ride I ever took in my life."

"I have no recollection of crossing the river."

"Of course you haven't, because you were unconscious. You must have been drugged in the carriage."

"The last thing I remember is being forced into a cab."

"We were assaulted in Lexington avenue, below the New Star Theater."

"I recollect that we were. Did you run after the cab?"

"No," grinned Joe. "I made the cab carry me."

"How?"

"I clung to the springs of the rear axle."

"You must have had a peach of a ride."

"I did. I had the time of my life, only I don't want to try it over again."

"Where did the cab go?"

"It went down several streets till it came to the river a block below the College Point ferry."

"Then what happened?"

"You were taken out and put into a boat and the two men started to row across the river."

"How did you get across?"

"By the ferry."

"What then?"

"I had heard the man who seemed to be engineering the job say that they would land at the second wharf below the ferry slip on the other side, and that there was a horse and wagon waiting for them in a shed near by. I hunted for the shed as soon as I got across, found it, saw the team inside with two empty barrels in it, made up my mind to get into one of them, did so and the rest was easy, though not for my poor bones. When they brought you up here I popped in below, and when they left the barn I came up, saw that you were in no condition to help yourself, crawled into the hay yonder and went to sleep."

"Say, Joe, you're all right. You went through all that in order to get me out of my pickle."

"That's right."

"I shan't forget it, Joe."

"You'd have done the same for me, wouldn't you?"

"Of course I would, any day."

"Then say nothing. Just you lie low and I'll help you get away. We'll take the wind out of these fellows' sails to the queen's taste. We'll give 'em a surprise they aren't looking for or I'm a lop-sided kangaroo."

"You say you know why I was brought here?"

"I do."

"Then I want you to explain it to me."

"Not now. Later on. The story will keep."

"Do you know who the men are?"

"No; but I know their names."

"Who is that chap who was just up here? You saw him, didn't you?"

"I did. It was his talking that woke me up."

"Who is he?"

"His name is Burns."

"Burns! I don't know any man by the name of—"

"Hush! There's some one coming. I'm going to sneak."

Joe tiptoed across the loft and disappeared under the hay. Presently the man Burns appeared up through the trap with a tray, on which were several dishes and a cup and saucer.

Evidently he was bringing breakfast to the prisoner.

He laid the tray on the floor till he got an empty box to rest it on.

"You can rest satisfied of one thing, young man; we're not going to starve you. You'll be fed same as we are—on the fat of the land."

He removed the cover of the center dish and disclosed to King's hungry gaze a plate of bacon and eggs, garnished with French fried potatoes.

"Looks good, doesn't it?" he said, cheerfully. "I can assure you that the coffee is also first-class. Now I'll release your arms and you can fall to and eat as much as you want."

Thus speaking, he untied the rope that held the boy's arms to his side.

"Start in. Don't be in a hurry. I'll wait for you. This is Sunday and I have lots of time."

King needed no second invitation, but commenced at once. Before he was half through he thought of Joe.

He looked at the man.

He was leaning out of the window.

King buttered a couple of slices of bread and slipped a fried egg and some of the bacon between them.

He put a few fried potatoes on the outside, another slice of bread over them, and hid the whole under the mattress of the cot.

"Joe shan't go hungry after all," he said, with some satisfaction, "not if I can help it."

Then he finished his breakfast, and what was left on the plates after he got through wasn't worth mentioning.

CHAPTER X.

MAKING THEIR ESCAPE.

"I see you've done justice to your breakfast," said Burns, when he came over to the cot again.

"It tasted good and I was hungry."

"Your peculiar situation hasn't affected your appetite, at any rate."

"I suppose not; but I wish I was at liberty, just the same."

"You will be after a time."

"When will that be?"

"That's a question I can't answer."

"And I suppose the other man, whatever his name is, won't answer it?"

"It's up to him. Now I'll tie you up again. Sorry we have to do it, but I'm afraid it can't be helped for the present. Other arrangements will be made to-day so that you need not be pinioned."

Burns replaced King's bonds, took up the tray and left the loft.

As soon as he was gone Joe reappeared again.

"You're lucky, King," he said, with a grimace. "You've had your breakfast. I could smell that bacon and eggs, and the coffee, too. Gee! How hungry it has made me."

"Do you want some?" chuckled King.

"Do I want some? Say, don't make me feel bad. I can take it out in wanting, I guess."

"Not so bad as that. I've saved you some."

"How could you do that? Didn't Burns take the tray away?"

"Suppose he did? I didn't let him carry away any of the stuff he brought. Come here and feel under the mattress. I put a sort of double-decker sandwich there—three slices of buttered bread, a whole egg, some bacon and fried potatoes. You'll have to do without coffee. There was no way of reserving any for you."

"Don't say a word. You're a brick," exclaimed Joe, making a dive for the place where the sandwich was.

He had it in his hands in a moment and was eating like a famished hyena.

"Gee! But this tastes good," he mumbled between bites. "I'm hungry enough to chew a handful of nails."

"You act like it," laughed King.

"Not so loud. We must keep our ears on the alert for another visitor. You can't tell when Birdsall will take it into his head to call on you."

"Birdsall. That's the other man, eh?"

"Yes. That's the chief mogul. At least he seems to be bossing the matter."

Nothing more was said until Joe had finished the last crumb.

"A drink of water would go all right now," he said, "but I guess I'll have to do without it."

"I guess it wouldn't do for you to release me," said King, wistfully.

"Not on your life it wouldn't. You'll have to put up with things as they are until after dark."

"I don't know about that, Joe. Burns intimated that other arrangements would be made to-day so that I could be left untyed."

"Did he say that?"

"He did."

"They might take you into the house."

"They might."

"Perhaps they are fitting a room up for you now?"

"I wouldn't be surprised."

"Then maybe we'd better try and sneak away at once. If they should take you into the house that would queer me."

"Take a look out at one of the back windows, and see what is the lay of the land. If favorable for us to travel over, we can drop out of the window and start right off. I only wish we could count upon an hour's start."

Joe took a peep as requested, and stated that he could see nothing but cultivated fields.

"Maybe they won't make any change in things until night," said King.

"Maybe not; but you can't tell."

"Take a look out in front."

Joe took a cautious glance into the farmyard.

"Birdsall is coming toward the barn," he said. "Time for me to get out of sight."

He made a dash for the hay and was soon out of sight.

A few moments later King heard steps below, and soon another bearded man came up the stairs and advanced to the cot.

"Well, young man, how are you feeling?" asked Birdsall.

"How would you expect me to feel under the circumstances?"

"Like a philosopher," he grinned.

"I never studied the science. Did you come to make the situation clear to me?"

"There is lots of time ahead yet for that."

"Then you're thinking of keeping me here for some time, are you?"

"It is possible that you may remain a month, if not longer."

"That's a cheerful prospect. Aren't you going to tell me why I was brought here, and why I've got to stay here a whole month?"

"You'll have to be patient. That is an excellent virtue that I advise you to cultivate."

"I'm not in the humor for cultivating it. I want to return home. How do you think my mother and the rest of my family will feel when I don't turn up to-day?"

"Don't worry. News will be sent them that you are all right, but that your absence is indefinite."

"I may lose my job in Wall Street."

"I guess not. Jack Kellogg is under too much obligation to you to bounce you because you have been detained somewhere against your will."

"You seem to know Mr. Kellogg."

"Only indirectly," replied Birdsall, evasively.

"It strikes me that you are familiar with Wall Street."

"Indeed. What makes you think so?"

"Something about you gives me that impression."

"Then you'd better forget it. I'm not a Wall Street man."

King believed he was lying.

His mind had been busy during the last few minutes, and he was beginning to suspect the true state of affairs—that his abduction from New York had some connection with Jabez Dolman's trial that had been set for the coming week.

As King made no reply to Birdsall's last remark, the man looked at him for a moment or two in silence and then spoke again.

"Now, young man, we propose to make your enforced stay with us as easy as possible, as we have nothing against you except a certain stubbornness you have shown against falling into line with a proposition submitted to you a while ago. Doubtless you find the restraint put upon your limbs very annoying. It is a necessary precaution for a while to prevent you from leaving us without notice. After dinner you will be removed to the house; then it will not be necessary to keep you tied up any longer, for you won't be able to leave the room in which we shall put you."

Birdsall then said he would have to go, but that his companions would drop in on the prisoner occasionally to show him that he was not forgotten.

Having said all he had to say, the man left the barn.

As soon as he made his exit Joe came out from under the straw.

He ran to the window and cautiously watched Birdsall cross the farmyard and enter the house.

Then he came over to Fairchild.

"What do you say, King? Shall we take the risk of trying to make our escape at once? A few hours later, when they come to remove you to the house, it will be too late. I dare say Burns will not visit you for half an hour or so. That will give us time enough to cover a couple of miles. This barn stands between the house and our line of retreat. I think we will be safe enough."

Judson had his jack-knife out in a twinkling, and it was but the work of a moment to sever the ropes which secured the hands and feet of his companion.

King stood up.

"I never knew before what a pleasure it is to have the use of one's limbs."

"That's right. I've heard my father say that one never appreciates the many blessings which heaven has bestowed on him until he is by some misfortune deprived of them. It seems to me that my old man was right."

"Yes, he was right enough. Open that back window and we'll bid adieu to this barn and the gentlemen who have taken such trouble to bring me here against my will."

Joe opened the shutter and looked out.

"It is quite a drop, old man. Maybe we could find an easier way of getting out below. You see if either of us should sprain his ankle it would prove uncommonly awkward. I can see a pile of straw. It must have come through an opening."

"But that man Burns may be below—perhaps sitting in the doorway. These men, I guess, are not taking any chances with me."

"Well, I'll take a look."

Joe looked down the trap.

"There's no one at the door," he said.

"He may be somewhere in the barn. Look around."

Judson did so, descending the stairs half-way to make sure.

"Nobody around," he reported.

The boys descended with due caution, Joe leading the way to the corner where he believed they ought to find an open at the back of the barn.

He was right.

A closed shutter, secured on the inside by a staple, showed the avenue through which the straw had fallen on the outside.

It was a simple matter to open it, and they were soon wading through a pile of dried refuse.

"Now, let's hustle," said Judson. "We'll steer straight across the fields. At the first house we come across we'll inquire our way to Babylon. There we should be able to get a train for Brooklyn."

"That's the idea. Come on."

Casting a glance backward at the deserted barn, to make sure there was no one anywhere in sight, they started across the fields at a rapid rate.

CHAPTER XI.

TURNING THE TABLES ON THE ENEMY.

After crossing the first field the boys looked back again, but everything was quiet on the farm, and there were no signs that King's escape had as yet been discovered.

When they had put the second field between them and the barn they began to feel easier.

Then they struck a road and, not knowing which direction would be the best for them to take, they left the matter to the toss of a coin.

"Heads, and we go to the right; tails, in the opposite direction," said Joe, as he flipped a penny.

It came down heads and off they started in the direction indicated.

In a short time they met a man in a buggy.

"Can you tell us how we can reach Babylon?" asked King of the man.

"Keep straight on until you come to the county road, then turn to the left," was the reply, as he drove on.

"We're lucky," said Joe. "I was afraid we might be walking away from the town."

"I wish I'd asked him how far away it is," said Fairchild.

"What's the difference? We've got to hoof it, anyhow."

"It would be more satisfactory if we knew how far we have to walk."

"It can't be helped now. Let's hustle. Those chaps when they find you have gone will hitch up a team and try to over-haul you, I bet a hat."

"I wouldn't be surprised but they will. We can't afford to be caught."

"I should say not."

After that they did some tall walking, and ere long reached the main road.

"We must turn to the left," said Joe, which they accordingly did.

After walking three miles they came in sight of the town.

"We're all right now," remarked King. "Yonder is Babylon."

They had gone about an eighth of a mile further when they heard the rattle of wheels behind them.

They turned around and saw a horse and wagon with two men on the seat coming along at a furious rate.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Joe. "Suppose that's the men after you, King? Let's get over this fence into the bushes and wait until they pass."

Fairchild thought his companion's suggestion a good one, so they jumped the fence in short order and, running a hundred feet further, crouched down out of sight.

It happened that King's escape was discovered about three-quarters of an hour after the boys left the barn, to the consternation of Birdsall and Burns, who immediately hitched up a team and, surmising that the boy they meant to recapture, if possible, would endeavor to find his way to the nearest town on the railroad, they started at breakneck speed along the highroad to Babylon.

They caught sight of the two lads ahead as they were approaching the town, but as they were only looking for one, did not at once connect either with the object of their pursuit.

When King and Joe looked around, however, and then left the road by way of the fence, their suspicions were aroused.

They believed now that one of the two lads was King, and that he had picked up the other somewhere along the road, and persuaded him to guide him to Babylon.

So when they reached the spot where the boys had disappeared, Birdsall got out of the wagon, got over the fence and began to look for the lads, while Burns walked the horses slowly ahead.

The fact that the boys had concealed themselves strengthened Birdsall's suspicions.

He felt sure now that the object of their pursuit was close at hand and, with his companion, was concealed in the bushes along the line of the fence.

He commenced to beat the bushes at the point where the boys had vanished, but without success.

Then he kept on in the direction of the town, which was the way King and Joe had gone.

They heard him coming slowly along, and realized that it would be only a question of a few minutes before Birdsall came upon them if they remained where they were.

"What shall we do?" queried Joe, in a whisper. "Take to our heels across the fields?"

"I'll tell you what we'll do if you've the nerve to attempt it," said King, in a tone of excitement.

"What?"

"Leap the fence into the road, make a dash for the wagon, board it with a rush, jump on Burns and tumble him out, and then drive off, leaving them in the lurch."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Judson, rather aghast at the daring proposition.

"Haven't you pluck enough to attempt it?" asked King.

"I'm with you," replied his friend. "I'll back you up at all hazard."

"All right. Follow me."

King sprang over the fence like a monkey, followed by Joe, and started for the wagon.

Burns saw them and gave a shout.

Birdsall got up and saw the boys in the road.

He lost no time recrossing the fence and following them.

Burns thought the lads intended to run down the road, and he prepared to head them off by driving the horse across their path.

When he saw King, whom he immediately recognized, com-

ing close alongside of the wagon, he reached over and made a grab at him.

To his surprise, Fairchild reached up, grasped his disengaged arm and began pulling him out of the vehicle.

"What's the matter with you, Fairchild?" cried Burns.

"Seize him, Joe!"

Judson got a hold on Burns' arm, too, and by their united strength they fairly yanked the man off the seat and tumbled him into the road.

"Quick! Get up on the seat," cried King to his companion, as he tore the reins from Burns' fingers.

Joe sprang into the wagon with a bound, King followed close behind him; then, as Birdsall rushed up and tried to get in also, the boys lashed the horse with reins and whip, and off the animal started with a rush, upsetting Birdsall in the dust.

Down the road toward Babylon they dashed helter-skelter, leaving the discomfited men to pick themselves up and to follow on foot.

"We're all right now," said Joe, gleefully.

"No, we're not. Those rascals will come on to town and wait at the railroad station so as to try and prevent me from taking the first train that comes along."

"I didn't think of that," replied Joe. "What shall we do?"

"There's only one thing for us to do, and that is to find out the direct road to Brooklyn and drive there."

"Why can't we go on to the next town and take the train there when it comes along?" asked Joe.

"I think we'd better not bother about a train at all. Those chaps would probably be aboard of it, anyhow, on the lookout for us."

"Suppose they were. They wouldn't dare molest us on the cars."

"I don't know what they might dare to do. They might charge us with stealing their team, for one thing, and thus get me, at any rate, in their clutches again. No, I'm going to stick to the wagon. We've got the whole day before us, and if we don't go astray ought to reach Brooklyn in a few hours."

"All right," replied Joe. "Do as you please. It's all the same to me."

Accordingly, as soon as they reached town, they stopped before a small hotel and King asked to be directed to the highway to Brooklyn.

He found that it was down the road which they had just come.

To go back meant to encounter Birdsall and Burns, who were no doubt tramping on foot toward town.

What were they to do?

CHAPTER XII.

THE EXPLOSION.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said King, after considering the problem before them. "The railroad station is yonder. We'll drive a short distance in the opposite direction, and by a roundabout way come back to the county road. By that time Birdsall and Burns ought to be out of our way."

This plan was followed, and half an hour later they reached the highway once more.

There was no sign of either Birdsall or Burns in sight, so they started up the road, which ran in a northwesterly direction.

After covering several miles and meeting only one carriage, they began to hope that they had left the enemy far in the rear.

In order not to tire the horse, they let him make his own pace, and as they rode along Joe recounted, as well as he could remember, the conversation he had overheard between the men early that morning on the day down from College Point.

That explained the whole situation to King, and confirmed the suspicion he had previously formed as to the object of his abduction from New York.

The road carried them through the town of Jamaica, where they had dinner at a hotel, and they drove into Brooklyn at about three o'clock.

After inquiring of a policeman, they found a stable and put the horse and wagon up, saying that it would be called for in a day or so.

Then they crossed over to Manhattan and took a train up-town for their homes.

King found his mother and the rest of the family much upset over his unexplained absence.

He told his story, giving Joe full credit for delivering him out of the hands of the enemy.

After supper he went down to West Seventy-second street to call on Mr. Kellogg.

The broker was surprised to see him.

"I've something of great importance to tell you, sir; that's why I called at your house," he said.

"Come right into the library; then," replied the broker, who was quite curious to learn what his messenger had to tell.

As soon as they were seated King began at the beginning and told his story.

Mr. Kellogg listened with attention and not a little astonishment.

He made no remark until Fairchild had finished.

"You've been through a most unusual experience, King," he said. "It is evident that Jabez Dolman and his friends fear the outcome of his trial, and have resorted to desperate expedients in order to head off some of the evidence. I have been approached myself in a roundabout way, but I didn't give the other side much encouragement."

"Joe says they have some scheme under way to secure your silence, but he didn't discover what it was."

"I hardly think they will try to kidnap me," laughed the broker.

"I should hope not, sir."

"I will have to take you to the District Attorney's office to-morrow," said Mr. Kellogg. "It is a very serious matter to attempt to bribe or otherwise to interfere with an important witness in a case about to come before the court. This effort to get you out of the way on the eve of Mr. Dolman's trial is bound to have a bad effect on his chances of weathering the charge he has got to face."

"I think it was a foolish piece of business, sir," replied King. "Mr. Dolman ought to face the music like a man instead of trying to crawl."

"I'm afraid he'll realize that fact when it is too late. As far as I can see, he stands a very good chance of going up the river, and never more so than at this minute."

Next forenoon King visited the District Attorney's office with Mr. Kellogg, and there told the story of his kidnaping on Saturday night.

It was taken down by one of the office stenographers, an affidavit was prepared to be attached to it after it had been typewritten, and King swore to its truth.

The young messenger described the location of the farm where he had been held prisoner, and handed in the card of the Brooklyn stable where he had put up the team.

Two detectives went over the river, got the horses and wagon, and drove them down to the neighborhood of Babylon.

They made inquiries around as to the identity of the team, and soon found a farmer who knew where it belonged.

He directed the officers to the place.

They found that the farm was run by an old man and woman, assisted by two hired hands.

The man and woman both denied any knowledge of a boy having been brought to their place early Sunday morning and confined in their barn.

They admitted that two men, who gave their names as Smith and Brown, and were strangers to them, had passed the early part of Sunday with them, and had had breakfast.

The men had borrowed the team, returned by the detectives, to go to Babylon, and had not returned.

That was positively all they knew on the subject.

The officers questioned them closely, for they doubted the truth of their story, but failed to make them contradict themselves even in the smallest particular.

Feeling satisfied that they would be able to lay their hands on them any time such a course was necessary, the detectives took their departure.

Mr. Kellogg and King returned to Wall Street about noon.

The former immediately started for the Exchange, and the boy took his accustomed seat in the reception-room.

At half-past twelve the letter-carrier came in and left several letters and a small, oblong package addressed to the broker.

King took the mail matter inside and placed it on his employer's desk.

Then the cashier sent him on an errand to the Morris Building on Broad street.

On his way he met Joe Judson.

"Well," said Joe, "I suppose you told your boss about your adventure out on Long Island?"

"Our adventure, you mean," corrected King. "You were as much in it as myself."

"Our adventure, then. I accept the amendment."

"Yes, of course I told him. I went to his house last night after supper."

"What did he say?"

"He was naturally astonished at my story. He said the District Attorney would have to hear about it."

"Well?"

"This morning I went to the public prosecutor's office and had my narrative taken down in shorthand. After which I signed an affidavit attesting its truth. Haven't you seen any one from the District Attorney's office yourself yet?"

"No," replied Joe, shaking his head.

"You are bound to before the day is out. You will be called on for a statement, which you have to swear to, also."

"I can do that easily enough."

"This matter is going to hurt Mr. Dolman's defense. Mr. Kellogg says he don't see how he can save himself from going up the river."

"It seems to me that he won't get any more than he deserves," replied Joe.

"I agree with you. It was touch and go that morning with Mr. Kellogg when Mr. Dolman assaulted him. I hope that I may never run up against such a close call."

When King got back to the office he found his sister and Sylvia Parsons talking in the waiting-room.

The girls had met at a quick-lunch restaurant and Nellie had accompanied Miss Parsons back to Mr. Kellogg's office, as she wanted to see her brother.

After talking together a moment or two, King said:

"While the boss is out I want to show you a picture he bought the other day, Nellie. You've seen it, of course, Sylvia?" said King.

"I've only caught a glance at it," said the stenographer. "I'd like to have a better look."

"Well, come inside, both of you," said the boy, leading the way into Mr. Kellogg's sanctum. "It's a corking fine water color. I'd like to own one like it."

The three were presently standing in front of the picture admiring it.

The subject was one that especially appealed to King, and he called the girls' attention to the many fine points brought out by the artist.

After Nellie had satisfied her curiosity, she turned her attention to the next picture, while her brother began talking with Sylvia.

Fairchild was doing his best to make a favorable impression on the fair Miss Parsons when, without the slightest warning, a tremendous explosion shook the office and demoralized the furniture generally.

The girls screamed, while the boy was almost paralyzed.

CHAPTER XIII.

KING PICKS ANOTHER WINNER.

The explosion created a great sensation, not only in the office, but throughout the building as well.

The clerks and cashier were thrown into a state of great excitement, and came rushing out of the counting-room in a body to see what was the cause of it.

The private office was partially filled with smoke, which had a strong odor.

King tried to reassure the two girls, who looked as if they were ready to faint.

The cashier was the first one to enter the room, and he did it with some caution, while the clerks, and many of the attaches of the adjacent offices on that floor, clustered behind him.

"You here, King!" exclaimed Mr. Gibson. "And you, Miss Parsons! What is the meaning of this explosion? Faugh! What a smell!"

"You've got me, Mr. Gibson," replied King. "Something went off like a small cannon on Mr. King's desk. That's all I know. It gave the three of us the biggest kind of a shock. Just look at the desk. It's knocked all out of shape."

"I see it is. But what could have been on it to explode?" asked the cashier, looking in a dumfounded way at the wreck.

A big crowd, attracted by the concussion, had by this time gathered in the street directly opposite the building.

"I'll never tell you, sir," answered King.

"You didn't notice what was on the desk when you and the young ladies came in here, did you?"

"The only things I saw were the letters and the oblong package left by the postman nearly an hour ago. I took them from the carrier and laid them on the desk myself just before you sent me out on that errand to the Morris Building."

The cashier stooped and picked up a small piece of burned pasteboard on which was a portion of the address, much discolored.

King saw another piece near his feet and picked it up, too.

At that moment a couple of Wall Street detectives forced their way into the private office.

Their keen eyes took in the extent of the damage.

The desk was almost a ruin.

The pivot chair was lying on its back.

Mr. Kellogg's private ticker was knocked all askew, while the basket that held the used tape was lying a yard or more away.

The floor was littered with papers and letters, and with particles of glass from the shattered window.

"Well," said one of the detectives, "does any one here know what caused this wreck? Looks like the work of an infernal machine."

"An infernal machine!" exclaimed King and the cashier, simultaneously.

"Exactly," replied the man, brusquely. "Has all the earmarks of it."

"My gracious!" ejaculated King.

"I'd like to have all the particulars you can give me," said the detective.

Fairchild explained that the explosion had occurred while he and the two girls were in the room looking at a new picture Mr. Kellogg had recently bought.

"What was on the desk at the time?"

"Nothing but some mail brought by the postman."

"Letters?"

"Four letters and a package."

"A package!" exclaimed the detective, pricking up his ears.

"What was it like?"

King told him.

"Here is a bit of it with part of the address," he added.

"Mr. Gibson has another remnant in his hand."

The detective took both pieces, looked at them and smelt them.

"It was an infernal machine, beyond a doubt," he said, decidedly. "I recognize the smell of a certain fulminating compound that is extensively employed in the make-up of such diabolical contrivances."

The cashier and King were staggered by this announcement.

Why should an infernal machine be sent to Mr. Kellogg?

After the first excitement had calmed down, Mr. Gibson wrote a note to his employer and sent it over to the Exchange by King.

Quite a crowd was still in the street gazing up at the broken window in Mr. Kellogg's office, and speculating as to the cause of the explosion.

The news was already flying around the district, and, as a matter of course, creating considerable excitement.

Business was brisk at the Exchange that day, and stocks were fluctuating in a way that kept the brokers interested in them on the bounce.

While King was waiting for his employer to come to the rail, two brokers passed him on the way out.

He heard one of them say to the other:

"L. & G. is sure to go to 80 inside of three days. I've inside information to that effect."

Then they passed out of hearing.

King, who never let anything worth while get away from him, made a note of the remark.

At that moment Mr. Kellogg came up, took the note and read it.

Its contents naturally disturbed him.

He came outside of the rail and asked King for particulars.

The boy gave him all the information he was able to.

"This is very strange," said the broker. "I can't imagine who could have sent such a thing to me. Evidently something caused it to explode of itself. How long was it on my desk?"

"About an hour, sir."

"You took it from the postman with some letters and placed it there?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have some enemy who has it in for me pretty strong."

"You don't think it could have come from the Dolman crowd, do you? You remember that my friend Judson overheard a remark that passed between Birdsall and Burns, when they were carrying me out to the farm early yesterday morning, to the effect that a scheme was under way to secure your silence."

"By George! It must have come from them. They seem to be capable of any villainous trick. I must bring this to the attention of the District Attorney, and let him try to ferret the matter out. You found some of the pieces of the box with a portion of the address on it, you say?"

"Yes, sir; but one of the Wall Street detectives has them. He is investigating the affair."

"Was he at the office when you left?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, wait a moment and I'll go along with you."

Mr. Kellogg returned to the floor, had a conversation with another broker and then rejoined King at the New street entrance.

They returned to the office at once.

After the Exchange closed there was a stream of brokers coming and going for nearly an hour, curious to see what had happened at Mr. Kellogg's office, as well as to pick up all the particulars they could.

Among the others was the broker who had made the remark about the coming boom in L. & G.

King recognized his face, but did not know him by name.

By inquiring of another broker he found out that the gentleman's name was Linkwood, and that he had an office in the Stevens Building.

He also found out that he was rated as a millionaire and was one of the directors of the L. & G. road, besides being in the directory of many other corporations.

Next morning King saw an item in a financial daily to the effect that the L. & G. company was negotiating for the control of a connecting road in order to secure an entrance into Pittsburg.

L. & G. had not been a very active stock for more than a year, and was selling around 58.

On examining the market record of the past week, King saw that there had been an unusual number of transactions in L. & G. shares, though the price had not gone above one point by reason thereof.

Putting everything together, the young messenger finally came to the conclusion that L. & G. was a good stock to invest in at that moment.

So that afternoon he went to the bank on Nassau street and left an order for the purchase of 1,000 shares for his account.

The deal was consummated next morning and King began to watch the ticker for developments.

In the meantime the police was busy with the infernal machine outrage, and it was found that the box had been mailed from an uptown station on the East Side.

No clew, however, could be obtained of the person who mailed it.

The newspapers made a sensation out of the matter, printing pictures of Mr. Kellogg's wrecked room, with photos of King, his sister and Sylvia Parsons.

On the third day after the explosion an authoritative statement was printed that the L. & G. road had secured control of the connecting line and thereby obtained the sought-after entrance into the Smoky City.

L. & G. immediately jumped ten points in the market at once, and when the Exchange closed for the day had gone up sixteen points altogether.

On the following day it went to 81, and King sold out, netting a profit of over \$22,000.

CHAPTER XIV.

KING'S RUN OF LUCK CONTINUES.

The trial of Jabez Dolman took place on Wednesday of the ensuing week.

Ever since King made his statement in the District Attorney's office a couple of detectives had been on a still hunt after Birdsall and Burns, without result.

Other detectives had tried to penetrate the mystery of the infernal machine sent by mail to Mr. Kellogg, but were not successful in unearthing the party who mailed it.

Joe Judson was one of the witnesses subpoenaed to give evidence at the trial.

Mr. Dolman had an array of distinguished counsel, who made a stubborn fight in their client's interest, but they couldn't crush the facts that were brought before the jury, so the verdict of guilty was rendered.

Although convicted, the broker secured a short stay of proceedings, pending an application for a new trial on various technical grounds, and this held up the passing of sentence on him.

His application, however, being denied, he was sentenced to six years in State prison, and was soon wearing the prison stripes.

King didn't let on to Joe that he had cleared up over \$20,000 on L. & G.

The deal had gone through so quickly that he didn't have a chance to put his friend onto it, even supposing that Judson had had the money to avail himself of the pointer which, as a matter of fact, he didn't.

The only persons King told were his sister and Sylvia Parsons, and they were both amazed at his extraordinary luck.

He was now worth \$28,000, and he kept his eyes open for another chance to make his capital productive.

"You'll be a rich man some day at this rate if you keep on winning in the market," said Sylvia, when he made a clean breast of the matter to her.

"Money isn't the only thing I hope to win in Wall Street," he answered.

"What else?"

"Oh, something else that I consider more important than money."

"If you mean a good name, I think you've got that already. I heard Mr. Kellogg tell a broker the other day that you were not only the best boy but the keenest, in a business sense, in Wall Street."

"You heard him say that, did you?"

"I did."

"I'm glad he's got such a good opinion of me; but there's somebody else's opinion I value more than him."

"You mean your mother's, I suppose."

"Of course that's understood. I wasn't thinking of her then."

"Who else? Your sister?"

"No," replied King, shaking his head.

"Some young lady who has captured your fancy?"

"Yes. A young lady by the name of Sylvia."

"You don't mean me?" she said, flushing up.

"I don't mean any one else."

"Well, you know I have a fine opinion of you."

"I'm glad to hear it. I hope it will keep on growing."

"There isn't any doubt of that. I told your sister—"

Miss Parsons stopped suddenly as if she had reconsidered what she was going to say.

"Well, what did you tell my sister?" asked King, after waiting in vain for her to go on.

"Oh, it wouldn't interest you," she replied, with assumed carelessness.

"Anything that you say interests me a good deal," he replied.

Sylvia blushed and made no reply.

"I'm waiting to hear what you told Nellie about me," persisted King, after a moment's silence.

"Really," she said, with some hesitation, "I've forgotten what it was."

"Oh, come now, Sylvia, you're trying to stand me off."

"Why, the idea!"

"All right. I'll make sis tell me to-night."

"You mustn't do any such thing!" cried the girl, in a mild panic. "I shouldn't speak to her again if she told you. Whatever I said was in confidence."

"Oh, if you said it in confidence to her she won't tell me, don't be afraid. She isn't built that way. Now, I've told her a lot of things about you, what I thought of you and all that, but you couldn't make her tell you."

"I've a great mind to ask her," laughed Sylvia.

"You have my permission, but it won't do you any good."

"What did you tell her about me?"

"I'll tell you, on one condition."

"What's that?"

"That you promise to tell me what you said to her about me."

"Oh, no, I couldn't think of it."

"It must have been a great secret."

"It wasn't anything at all."

"Then why are you afraid to tell me when you see I'm so anxious to know?"

"Oh, because."

"Because what?"

"Because I'd rather not have you know."

"Don't you think enough of me?"

"That isn't a fair question," protested Sylvia, blushing hotly.

"I'd like to know, for I think a whole lot of you. That's what I told my sister. And she said she was glad to hear it for you were the nicest girl she had ever met. So you see that we're both awfully prejudiced in your favor. Now you know what I meant when I said there was something I thought more of than money, and that's yourself. I told sis that I'd sooner win you for my wife some day than a fortune, and I meant every word of it. There, that's all I've got to say now."

King walked off, leaving Sylvia in a state of great confusion.

That afternoon he heard several brokers talking about an expected rise in M. & O.

The reasons they advanced for such a boom so impressed King that he lost no time in buying 3,000 shares of the stock, which was then ruling at 82.

When he met Joe that afternoon on their way home he told him that he had a good tip on M. & O., and advised him to buy a few shares of it.

"On what?" asked Joe, with a grimace. "Wind?"

"I thought you'd saved that \$100 I gave you?"

"So I have. I've got \$120 in bank."

"All right, Joe, it will cost you \$820 to copper a hundred shares. I'll lend you the difference."

"You will?" replied Judson, in some surprise.

"Sure I will. Didn't I say so?"

"I haven't any security."

"Your friendship is good enough security for me."

"Suppose the deal should go against me?"

"But it won't. I'm taking a good risk on it myself."

"Say, how much money have you got, anyway? If you can afford to loan me \$700 you must have a wad."

"Don't you remember that I made \$4,400 on that C. & D. you gave me?"

"But I should think you'd need it all in your present deal."

"Oh, I've made some more since then."

"When did you?"

"The other day. I was in on L. & G."

"You never told me about it."

"I know I didn't, but I'm telling you now."

"How much did you make?"

"I made a few thousand," replied King, carelessly.

"A few thousand! You talk like a capitalist."

"I might as well. Nothing like putting up a good bluff while you're about it."

"I think you're a pretty keen rooster, King."

"So the boss says. He told a certain broker that in his opinion I was the keenest boy in Wall Street."

"I'll bet you are. Then you mean to lend me \$700?"

"I'll let you have it to-morrow if you will buy 100 shares of M. & O."

"I'll do it, bet your life."

"Then come around to the office any time you get the chance and the money will be waiting for you."

"You're a brick."

"So are you, Joe. I owe you a good turn for getting me out of that Long Island scrape, and this is the way I'm paying you."

Next day Joe came around to Mr. Kellogg's office, got the \$700, put his own funds to it and bought 100 shares of M. & O.

Two days later he was delighted to see that it advanced to 86.

It was down to 84 on the succeeding day, which didn't look so good.

However, it opened stronger in the morning and finally went to 88 that day.

King had his eye on the tape whenever the opportunity presented itself, which wasn't often during business hours, for the market was a lively bullish one, and business was booming as well as stocks; in fact, that is generally the case, for most of the outside speculators invest for a rise in prices.

When times were good in the Street, King seldom had an idle moment.

He was kept on the move, here, there and everywhere. Day by day the excitement increased in the Exchange as brokers fought with one another to fill their orders to the best advantage.

And day by day, as the whole market advanced, M. & O. kept ahead and was rapidly nearing par, something that hadn't happened to the stock in a long time.

Finally, when it struck the 100 mark the young messenger decided that between the rush of business and his anxiety lest M. & O. might take an unexpected setback, things were getting too strenuous for him, so he decided to sell out.

He advised Joe to do the same, as he didn't believe the stock would go much higher, anyway.

Of course, Judson was willing to be guided by his advice, for he didn't know when the time was really ripe to get out from under.

So the two boys disposed of their holdings, simultaneously, at 100 5-8.

King cleared \$54,000 and Joe \$1,825.

"That's more money than I expected to have for many a bunch of moons," said Judson, feeling as if he had found a gold mine. "Why, I only need \$50 more to be worth \$2,000, and two weeks ago I considered myself lucky to own \$120. I owe it all to you, King."

"You're welcome, old man."

"Of course you made a good thing yourself out of M. & O. I'd like to be worth one-quarter of your wad to-day."

"How much do you think I am worth?"

"Forty or fifty thousand."

"Well, I'm worth just \$82,000."

"The dickens!" gasped Joe. "Let's celebrate by going to a show to-night."

"I'm with you, but no New Star for me this trip. We'll go to the Empire."

"What's the matter with the Hippodrome?"

"Then we'll go to the Hippodrome," and they did.

CHAPTER XV.

KING FINDS A FAT POCKETBOOK.

One day King was coming back from an errand at the Vanderpool Building when he saw something lying in the gutter at the corner of New street and Exchange Place.

It was a fat pocketbook.

He picked it up in a jiffy and looked at it.

"Somebody must have dropped that about a minute ago, for this is too prominent a spot for such a thing to remain very long unnoticed. Messenger and telegraph boys are passing here right along, and it would be a cold day when they would go by such a thing as that. It feels heavy, as if it was full of money. I dare say the owner's name and address is inside. I'll look when I get back to the office."

He slipped it into his pocket and resumed his way.

When he took his seat in the waiting-room again he pulled out the wallet and started to examine its contents.

The first thing he saw was a bunch of bills, which he counted and found amounted to \$1,200.

Then there were a lot of newspaper clippings, and the card of a well-known broker.

Next he picked out a letter without an envelope.

"Maybe this will give me a clue to the owner's identity and address," he said to himself.

He opened it and saw the following in a bold handwriting:

"DEAR JOHN: I can put you onto a good thing, and I advise you to take immediate advantage of the tip, for such things don't happen my way with any alarming frequency. A clique of the biggest brokers in the Street have arranged to boom H. & O. shares, which are now going at 134. It will go to 150 inside of ten days, mark my words. A nod ought to be as good as a wink to a blind horse. Get in on the ground floor with the big ones while the chance is yours.

"HARKER."

"This looks like a tip for fair," said King to himself, "and a good one, too."

He noted the name of the stock and then continued his examination of the wallet.

There were some stamps and a few other things in it, but the owner's name and address were the important things missing.

"Everybody who carries a pocketbook with any money in it, or anything else of value, ought to have his name and

address stamped on it so if lost the finder can restore it. Now here are \$1,200 in good money, and the owner is no doubt by this time tearing his hair because he thinks it is gone forever. The only thing I can do is to communicate with the broker whose card is in this wallet, and tell him that I have found a pocketbook belonging to some man who may be a client of his because I found his business card in it."

King read the note over again, to impress its contents on his mind, and then wrapped the wallet in a piece of paper and asked the cashier to place it in the office safe.

When he went out on his next errand he stopped in at the office of the broker whose name was on the card.

"Is Mr. Smith in?" he inquired of the office boy.

"He is."

"I'd like to see him."

"What's your business?"

"My business is important and can only be told to Mr. Smith. My name is Fairchild, and I'm Jack Kellogg's messenger."

The office boy went into Mr. Smith's sanctum, and presently returned and said that Mr. Smith would see him.

So King walked into the private office.

"Well, what can I do for you, young man?" asked the broker.

King told him the object of his errand.

"I'm afraid that I can't help you out," replied Mr. Smith. "I haven't as yet heard that any customer of mine has lost his wallet. Was there any money in it?"

"There was."

"And no clue to the owner?"

"None at all."

"Well, leave me your name and address, and if I hear of anybody who has lost a pocketbook I'll send him around to see you about it."

King thanked him and took his leave.

When Fairchild returned to the office he had to go out again at once, and this time he was gone nearly an hour.

On his return he found a man of about thirty waiting to see him.

"Are you King Fairchild?" asked the visitor.

"That's my name," replied the young messenger.

"Mr. James Smith, broker, of the Tontine Building, told me that you found a pocketbook with his card and a sum of money in it this morning."

"That's right. Did you lose such an article?"

"I did."

"What's your name?"

"John Davis."

"How large was your wallet, and what was its color?"

The visitor told him, and his description hit the mark.

"How much money was in it?"

"Twelve hundred dollars."

"What else was in the book?"

Mr. Davis stated about what was in the wallet beside the money.

"The pocketbook seems to be yours all right," said King. "I'll get it for you."

When he handed it to the visitor he said:

"Count the money and see that it's all right."

"I am willing to take that for granted, for if you hadn't been an uncommonly honest boy you would not have tried to find the owner of the wallet."

"I'd prefer that you'd count it, anyway," said King.

The owner of the pocketbook did so, and declared everything was all right.

He offered King a hundred-dollar bill.

"No," said Fairchild, "I don't want it."

"But you are entitled to some reward."

"I'll take it in a different way."

"I don't quite understand you."

"I'll tell you," said King. "In looking over the wallet to try and find a clue to the owner's identity I found and read a note addressed to 'John,' and signed by 'Harker.' It seems to be a stock tip. Is there anything in it?"

"I suppose there is no use of my denying that it is a pointer on H. & O. I hope, however, that you will keep the matter to yourself. If you can use it to any advantage yourself—that is, if you have any money to back it—I advise you to buy as many shares on a ten per cent. margin as you can, for it will prove a perfectly safe investment."

"Then you guarantee that it's all right?"

"Certainly. It's good as gold."

"That's all I want to know. I will accept the tip on H. & O.

in place of any cash reward. I have some money that I'll use to buy some shares of the stock. I didn't want to touch it before I had found out whether it was worth taking a risk on or not."

"It's perfectly safe. It's my opinion that you can't lose if you sell out at or around 150, which is the point my friend Harker, who is in a position to know, says it's bound to go to. I've already put up the margin on 1,000 shares myself with Mr. Smith, and I intend to buy some more with this \$1,200. I shouldn't risk a matter of nearly \$15,000, all the money I could scrape together, if I didn't have unlimited confidence in the tip."

King expressed himself as satisfied, and then Mr. Davis took his leave after thanking the boy for returning him his wallet.

Later on King went to the bank in Nassau street and handed in an order to buy 5,000 shares of H. & O. at the market next morning.

The shares were duly secured at the opening of the Exchange, and cost Fairchild \$68,000 in margin.

King put Joe onto the pointer next day, and he immediately bought 100 shares for himself.

Two days afterward H. & O. went up five points.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ENCOUNTER IN BRONX PARK.

The prospect of making another big haul out of the stock market made King feel as independent as a millionaire, and in this respect Joe Judson was a close second.

Summer was coming on, and the weather was pleasant and generally sunshiny.

The morning that H. & O. went up five points was Saturday, and the office closed at one o'clock.

It had been arranged that King and Joe were to take Sylvia Parsons and Nellie Fairchild to lunch, and then by train to Bronx Park for the afternoon.

Judson was to meet King's sister at her place of business and bring her around to Mr. Kellogg's office.

They appeared about quarter past one and found King and Miss Parsons ready and waiting.

The four went directly to a nice restaurant in the neighborhood and after lunch took a subway express to the park.

There they wandered through the woods, close to the river.

King and Sylvia gradually fell back by themselves and presently lost sight of Joe and Nellie.

At length they came out into a little glade, where they found three well-dressed men seated on a bench, talking earnestly together.

As they passed by the men stopped talking and looked sharply at them.

King casually returned their gaze and in two of the individuals he recognized Birdsall and Burns, while the third was unknown to him.

The boy was so surprised that he stopped short, whereupon Birdsall, seeing that Fairchild had identified him, sprang to his feet, with a smothered imprecation, and grabbed him by the arm.

Sylvia, much frightened at the man's action, clung to King's arm.

"I see you know me," said Birdsall, with a dark look.

"I do," replied the boy, coldly. "You are Birdsall."

"I suppose you first action will be to notify the police that I am in the park here," went on Birdsall.

"Your supposition is correct," answered King, pluckily. "You and your friend Burns have got to answer for abducting me that Saturday night and carrying me down to the Long Island farm."

"Then you still hold that against us, eh?" replied the man, with an ugly frown. "I think we treated you with due consideration for the short time you remained our prisoner. How did you manage to get free?"

"I managed it all right. Did you take me for a lamb to remain tied up as long as there was any chance of getting clear of your society?"

"I suppose you think we haven't learned the truth? We know that your companion managed to follow us clear to the farm, and that it was he who liberated you. Only for that fact things would have gone well. Now, look here, it won't do you any good to report that you've seen us here. The police do not know us, and you are the only one who can give us trouble. I want you to swear that you'll keep your mouth shut."

"I will on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That you'll disclose the identity of the man who mailed that infernal machine to Mr. Kellogg. That was a dastardly act, and the scoundrel capable of doing such a thing ought to be exposed and punished."

"I know nothing about it."

"It's my opinion that you know a great deal about it. You and Burns were in the conspiracy to prevent my testimony and that of Mr. Kellogg's getting into court at the trial of Mr. Dolman. You didn't succeed, however, and he was sent up the river, as he deserved. Now, unless you agree to give me a clue to the bomb-sender I shall certainly notify the police that you and Burns are in the city."

"You had better be careful, young man," replied Birdsall, threateningly. "Swear to remain silent or it will be the worse for you."

"I'll swear nothing of the kind," answered King, resolutely.

"Then you won't leave this spot alive," said Birdsall, making a sign to his companions, who jumped to their feet and surrounded the boy and girl.

Sylvia, thoroughly startled, uttered a scream, whereupon Burns seized her roughly and clapped his hands over her mouth.

King wrenched himself from Birdsall's grasp and struck him a blow in the face, which staggered him.

Then he made a dash at Burns, who had all he could do to hold Sylvia.

She was a plucky girl when aroused, and resisted the man to the best of her ability.

Birdsall recovered, and, backed up by the third man, rushed to their companion's assistance.

King was soon in their grasp, and a desperate struggle was put up by the boy.

The two men began to force him toward the bank of the river, with the evident intention of throwing him into the water.

In the midst of the melee help appeared in the person of Joe Judson.

He and Nellie had heard Sylvia's scream and hastened back to see what was the matter.

When they appeared on the edge of the glade they were startled by the scene transpiring before their eyes.

Joe at once concluded that King and Sylvia had been attacked by footpads, and he didn't lose a moment in going to their rescue.

Nellie, who was just as plucky as her brother, flew at Burns, in order to assist Sylvia, for whom she had contracted a strong attachment.

In a moment Burns found that he was placed at a great advantage.

Joe reached King as Birdsall and his associate had got him within a yard of the river, and he struck Birdsall a terrific blow behind the ear that felled him like a log, then he went for the other man, who was obliged to let go of King in order to defend himself.

He was no match at all for the two thoroughly aroused boys, and was overthrown in a moment, Joe leaping astride of him.

"Don't let the other chap up!" cried Judson, as Birdsall, in a dazed way, was trying to regain his feet.

King jumped on him, bore him to the ground and pounded him into insensibility.

Then he jumped up and started for Burns, who, seeing that matters were going against his companions, was trying to release himself from the hold the two girls had on him.

Burns saw him coming, and, by a mighty effort, tore himself clear and, rushing off, disappeared among the trees.

The girls looked considerably the worse in their attire from the scrimmage, but they did not think of that then, for they were only too glad to get clear of the man.

"I hope you're not hurt, either of you," said King, looking at them.

"No," replied Sylvia, almost hysterically. "I'm not. But I'm so glad that you are not injured," and burying her face in her hands she burst into tears and sobbed on King's shoulder as he placed his arm around her waist and drew her toward him.

His sister also, now that the crisis was over, yielded to her emotions and threw her arms around his neck, seemingly on the eve of a hysterical attack.

King managed to soothe them after a few minutes, during which interval Judson, after threatening to pound the third

man's face to a jelly if he didn't lie quiet, pulled out the fellow's handkerchief and bound his wrists together.

After that he got up and treated the unconscious Birdsall in the same manner.

By that time the girls were somewhat composed and King left them to rejoin Joe.

"Why, that chap is Birdsall, ain't it?" said Judson. "And the fellow who got away was Burns, I guess. How did you happen to meet them?"

King quickly told the story of the meeting and what had followed.

"We must turn these men over to the police," said Joe. "The only question is where shall we find one of the park officers?"

"I'll stay here and watch these rascals while you go and hunt up the police. You've bound them so they won't give me any trouble, I guess."

Accordingly, Joe started off, leaving King and the girls on the bank of the river with the two prisoners.

In half an hour he returned with two park policemen, who took charge of Birdsall and his companion, and marched them to the park lock-up, whence they were subsequently transferred to the Thirty-second Precinct police station.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONCLUSION.

The trouble they had met with in the park ended the afternoon's outing for the four young people, so they returned to the Fairchild flat, where they had supper, and later on King took Sylvia home.

Next morning, although it was Sunday, they all had to appear at the Sixth District Police Court in the Bronx to testify against Birdsall and his companion.

The prisoners pleaded not guilty, but the magistrate ordered them sent downtown to the Tombs, as it was evident that Birdsall at least was wanted by the Manhattan police.

After leaving the Bronx District Court, King went down to Seventy-second street and called on Mr. Kellogg to acquaint him with the arrest of Birdsall.

Next morning the broker accompanied his messenger, Joe and the girls to the Tombs Court and had a private talk with the magistrate before he took his seat on the bench.

Birdsall and the other man were remanded for the action of the Grand Jury.

A couple of detectives got after Burns, but he eluded all attempts to capture him, much to the regret of King and Joe.

It was not for a year that anything was heard of him, and then it was learned that he had been arrested in Chicago for some crime that sent him to the State prison.

Long before that, however, Birdsall and his companion were keeping company with Jabez Dolman in Sing Sing.

When King got back to the office the first thing he did was to look at the ticker to see what was doing in H. & O.

He found that it had opened half a point higher than Saturday, and that it was evidently engaging the attention of the brokers from the number of sales recorded on the tape.

At three o'clock, when the Exchange closed down for the day, it was going at 147.

That meant a profit so far to King of over \$50,000.

"Well, what do you think of H. & O. now?" asked King, when he met Joe that afternoon.

"I think it's on the boom."

"That's what it looks like. So far we are eleven points to the good."

"Which means that I am worth \$3,000 at this moment. Who would have thunk it?"

"Thunk is good," laughed King.

"How much higher do you think it may go?"

"Well, John Davis, through whom I got the tip, as you will remember, told me I'd be safe to hold on till it reached 150."

"It will be up to that to-morrow."

"I should imagine that it will, and probable above, but I think we'd better give our order now to the bank to sell us out when the price reaches 150. Then we'll be on the safe side."

"Whatever you say goes, King."

So on their way home they stopped in at the bank and left directions to close out their H. & O. stock at 150.

That price was reached soon after eleven next morning, and the boys' accounts were closed.

Their statements showed that King had made about \$68,000, and Joe had cleared a profit of \$1,350.

King was now worth \$150,000, and Judson, \$3,300.

"I think you and I have been playing the market to good advantage, what do you think, Joe?" said King, when they compared statements next day.

"I guess ye," replied Joe, nodding his head, vigorously. "We ought to celebrate again. Suppose we take the girls to the theater to-morrow night?"

"All right," replied King. "I'll ask Sylvia and you can ask my sister."

"Say, King," asked Judson, a bit anxiously, "how do you think I stand with your sister?"

"First-rate, old fellow, as far as I can tell."

"She hasn't any other chap hanging around her, has she?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Well, I like her a good bit, you know, and I hope you'll help make me solid in that direction."

"I guess you don't need my help. She likes you, all right."

"Are you sure of that?"

"You can't be sure of anything where girls are concerned until you have pinned them down to an expression of their real sentiments. You see, Sylvia and I are pretty thick, and she admits that she thinks lots of me, but I shall not be sure of where I stand with her until I get her to admit that she is willing to marry me one of these days."

"Wouldn't she be silly if she was to let a good thing like you escape her?" laughed Joe. "If a sister of mine made such a mistake I'd be mad enough to give her a pretty strong talking to."

"So you think I'm a good thing, eh?"

"Sure. You're not nineteen yet and you're worth \$150,000. Why, by the time you're twenty-one you ought to be worth half a million."

"That's what I'm aiming for."

"Considering what a keen lad you are you ought to get there, all right."

On the following evening King and Joe took the girls to the Knickerbocker Theater, which happened to be the last week of the season.

After the show they had ice-cream and cake, and each escorted his own charmer to her door.

During the summer it was Coney Island and other nearby resorts that attracted them at least twice a week, and both of the boys made considerable headway in their love affairs.

As Nellie and Sylvia were now inseparable, King's prospects looked uncommonly bright.

At any rate, his sister encouraged him to believe that Sylvia had no thoughts for any one but him.

King couldn't get her to admit how much she thought of Joe, but from her manner he judged that his friend was pretty solid in her esteem.

In September King ceased to be Mr. Kellogg's messenger, and took possession of a desk in the counting-room at an increased salary.

He gave his mother \$10,000 with which to buy a comfortable and pretty home in the upper part of the Bronx, and the Fairchild family moved up there.

He and Joe continued to take a shy at the market whenever the chance to make a winning looked bright, and both gradually added to their capital.

When King became twenty-one he was able to sign his check for \$350,000, which was a very comfortable sum to begin life in earnest on.

At any rate, he thought he was old enough and well enough off to get married, and he asked Sylvia, in down-right earnest, if she would have him.

She said she would, and so a short time afterward they were joined together and went to live in their own home.

Joe asked Nellie if she didn't think that King had set them a good example.

It is presumed that she thought so, for they also were married in due time and went to housekeeping, not far from King's home.

Those two important events happened about two years ago.

Both boys and their young wives are as happy as the day is long, and both King and Joe, while advancing in their respective offices, and giving great satisfaction to their employers, are still, at intervals, making outside money playing the market.

Next week's issue will contain "A POT OF MONEY; OR, THE LEGACY OF A LUCKY BOY."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

Deer Island light, Boston, one of the harbor aids to navigation, failed the other night, and investigation resulted in the finding of the body of the keeper, Joseph R. McCabe, on a sandbar which juts from the island to the light. It is supposed that seas kicked up by a 70-mile gale overwhelmed McCabe as he was trying to walk across the bar. He was to have been married on Easter Sunday.

Platinum has recently been discovered in the mountains about Ronda, in Southern Spain, between Algeciras and Gibraltar. The Spanish Government has taken possession of the ground on which the discovery has been made, and has arranged for developing the mine under the direction of the Geological Institute. An appropriation of \$29,000 a year will be made for the necessary drilling, machinery and other expenses.

Cincinnati police are endeavoring to learn the identity of a young woman twenty-four years old whose strange actions within the last few years have puzzled alienists and physicians. She gives her name as Francis Frey, and says she was born in Columbus twenty-four years ago. When arrested she was employed as a waiter in a restaurant. She was taken to the police station, where she confessed to the police that she had played the role of a man for several years.

The post lighthouse keeper often descended from father to daughter. In the old days the only requirement for the position was faithfulness to duty. Under the new regulations in the United States the applicant for such a position must be a male citizen. Three women are still on the Government payrolls as lighthouse keepers, and will be allowed to remain in their positions as long as they are willing and able to do the work. At Angel Island one of these women has surrounded her lighthouse with a beautiful garden of vines and flowers.

"I pulled him off a wagon and said, 'Let's go and get married?'" declared Mrs. Lizzie B. McNeese, of Fort Worth, Texas, as she signed an affidavit in the office of County Clerk Logan that she had proposed to Sidney Johnson. "He's here," she continued, and pointed with her thumb to Johnson. Logan had offered a free marriage license to the first Tarrant County woman who would make an affidavit she had proposed. Johnson and Mrs. McNeese were married by Justice Emmett Moore immediately after the license was issued.

The story of a \$10,000 joke on Lawrence College, Wisconsin, became known recently when Alice Miller, admitted at Antigo she had no such money as she was credited with offering to give the college. Two months ago she went to Lawrence College and promised \$10,000 for a new dormitory to be named for her on condition the college raised \$8,000 in addition. When the banks refused

to accept her checks on the strength of this offer, she was financed on her way to Ashland by Dr. John Vaughan, fiscal agent of the school. Meanwhile she was dined by the college authorities.

Attorney J. L. Holmes announced that the United States now has a gun with a range of twenty-four miles which throws a projectile with sufficient velocity to penetrate any armor plate so far manufactured. This information, Mr. Holmes announced, he had received from officials of the Midland Crucible Steel Company at Midland, Pa., following a test of a plate made at the United States testing grounds at Sandy Hook a short time ago. The plate in question was twenty-two feet long, nine feet high and eighteen inches in thickness. Plates manufactured under the same process which have been previously tested had withstood every attempt to penetrate them with modern high velocity projectiles.

The busy silkworms of Japan are to find a chemical-mechanical rival. At Yonezawa a big filature outfit was lately secured by the Adzuma Leather Manufacturing Company for the purpose of inaugurating the manufacture of artificial silk. This is the first attempt in the industry in Japan. In compliance with the request of the company professors in the Yonezawa Polytechnic Institute have been engaged for some time past in the perfection of the process of manufacturing the goods and a patent has been taken out for the result obtained quite recently. The perfection, or rather invention, of the manufacturing process has been arrived at quite independently of the German invention and is reported to show a great improvement on the foreign method.

The ground on which the city of New York now stands was once a favorite trapping ground for the ancestors of our present-day millionaires. A Dutch-West Indian company which bought and trapped furs formed the basis of colonization of New York State. The early history of the fur industry can be read in Marco Polo's travels, the politics of Russia, the French occupation of Canada and the operations of the Hudson Bay Company. During the eighteenth century men carried fur muffs and Napoleon himself designed many of the fur garments worn during his reign. Margaret, Queen of Navarre, is supposed to be the first woman to wear a fur boa. Fur caps, collars and cuffs for men were worn in the reign of Louis XI. In 1859 fur first appeared as a badge of royalty when at the entrance of Isabella of Bavaria into Paris. Valentine, Duchess of Orleans, wore a coat of ermine. Most of the royalties exacted by Napoleon from the northern tribes of Europe were paid in furs. About the time Columbus discovered America fur mantles and separate fur sleeves, tied at the top with ribbon, were features of the fashion. Until the discovery of America this great industry exerted a powerful influence on the history of the country.

MAX AND HIS MILLION

— OR —

WORKING FOR THE WIZARD OF WALL STREET

By ED KING

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER X (continued)

It was all Max could do to work the man out of the office, and when he got him out there were three other patient fiends in waiting, five real estate men and seven brokers, all advising him how to invest his million—or millions, as they put it.

These people so blockaded the office that Max could not get time to attend to customers.

Max put up a notice that the office would positively close at twelve o'clock, but even that had no effect, for half a dozen more came crowding in when the closing hour came.

Max was mad clear through. Coming out of his private office, he called out:

"Gentlemen, I want you all to understand that I am not in the market to invest in anything. I want you all to leave my office and tell your friends to keep away from here. I shall listen to no proposition from any one. I am here to attend to the regular business of this place, and nothing else."

But Max was not through with propositions yet, for as the disappointed ones began filing out a tall, stately gentleman pushed his way in, saying:

"Good-morning, Mr. Meyers. I hope I am not too late to have a word with you."

It was the one man Max felt that he had to see.

It was the man who was responsible for his million—Mr. Brown.

"Step right in, sir," said Max, leading the way into the private office and closing the door.

This was the time when Mr. Brown unbent completely.

"Max," he said, extending his hand, "I congratulate you. I understand that you have made a fortune through taking advantage of the tip I gave you, or rather through your own shrewdness, for there is not one in a thousand who would have had the courage to ask for a tip from me."

"I've got the fortune," said Max. "A million is enough for a boy like me."

"You have more, I presume. You have the money you spoke of."

"Yes, sir. It is mine, now, and I cleared over a hundred and twenty thousand above the million besides."

"All of which amounts to nothing. In these days a million and a quarter is a mere pittance. Now, I have taken a fancy to you, and I have come here to put a proposition."

"I have had people coming in here all the week with

propositions," laughed Max. "I have turned them all down."

"And justly so, no doubt. I fancy you won't be quite so ready to turn me down, though."

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, listen. You gave me a tip the other day."

"Yes, sir. How did it come out?"

"Unfortunately, it proved to be only too accurate. The person who has been robbing me is my only son—my only child, in fact. The proofs were found in the small safe, just as you said."

"Not as I said, Mr. Brown. I had nothing to do with it."

"Put it any way you please. I have cast my son off. He should be thankful that I did not send him to Sing Sing. Henceforth we are strangers and I am minus a private secretary. It can be made a very profitable position, Max."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes; it is so. The salary is \$5,000 per year, but that is only a small part of it. You will be informed of all my moves, and—"

"I, sir?"

"You, of course. I have come here to offer you the position. With your capital behind you for investment you ought to be able to make several millions before the year is out. If you prove faithful, by the time you are thirty I see no good reason why you should not be worth almost as much as I am to-day."

"Mr. Brown!" gasped Max.

"Oh, I mean what I say," said the oil king. "I have to trust some one. I think you are worthy of trust. I don't propose to adopt you, or any such nonsense as that, but the business position formerly held by my son is open to you. The duties are simple and I am sure you will have no difficulty in performing them. Come, Max! It is for you to accept or refuse."

To be the private secretary of Brown, the oil king, so far as money return was concerned, probably meant more than any proposition which could have been put to Max by any man in the United States.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE MILLION.

It really is a wonder that Max was able to do as he did. But the boy had turned the situation over in his mind again and again, and he had become firmly impressed with the truth of the Wizard's tips.

Max had not forgotten the second tip.

"Unless you want to lose your million keep on working for the Wizard of Wall Street."

Again and again he had repeated these words to himself.

"Mr. Brown, I could only accept your offer on one condition," he said, "and that is, that I be allowed to continue this business at the same time."

"What? Why, that's absurd, Max! Do you imagine for a moment that I would consent to have my private secretary play the cheap clairvoyant? Nonsense! Put that idea out of your head."

"Then your proposition goes with it, sir."

"Do you mean to say that you refuse?"

"I must, sir."

Mr. Brown rose stiffly.

"I will not ask you your reasons for this very remarkable decision," he said. "I'm not accustomed to being refused, and you, young man, will not have the chance to do it twice. Good-day."

The oil king's nose was high in the air as he walked out of the office.

As soon as Mr. Brown had departed he closed the office and went straight to his rooms.

Max had rejected a proposition which it would seem could scarcely have failed to raise him among the multi-millionaires.

The next three months were busy ones for Max, but we must hurry over them in order to come down to a train of events which particularly concern our story.

First the business.

Max kept right at it. It soon increased far beyond his capacity, and he was forced to adopt a new plan.

He prepared a series of question sheets which customers could send to him, and he fill out and return.

These sheets concerned only stock prices.

It got so at last that Max dealt only with old customers and their friends.

By aid of his question sheets he was able to cover a great deal of ground.

All business was now done on the "pay-if-you-win" plan.

Often Max got nothing.

There was one week when the tips were all out of the way from Monday till Friday.

Still, in the long run, the business proved immensely profitable, and, as a rule, it was good for over a hundred a week on the average. Occasionally it was a great deal more.

Max now moved to a first-class hotel, and posed as a person of wealth.

He could have had friends by the score if he had chosen, but the very nature of his business made this undesirable.

Wisely he held himself in with a tight rein, and lived a life of his own. The only person he was really interested in was Susie.

Max would have proposed marriage to his pretty typewriter if he had dared, but Susie kept him at arms' length.

Gradually she came to know how much money he was worth, and she did not altogether refuse his attentions.

Max presented her with a fine piano, and paid for the best musical instruction obtainable.

Susie accepted these favors, but declined all others.

She put herself in the hands of a professional theatrical trainer, and worked hard.

By Christmas Max had to engage a new stenographer, for Susie was ready for the stage, and accepted an engagement for minor parts at a prominent theater.

Max wanted to start her right out as a star, and offered to buy a play for her and to hire a theater if need be.

Susie neither refused nor accepted. She declared that she needed a year's experience at least, and Max was put off for that year.

So much for love affairs, for Max was actually in love, and no doubt his case would have become serious if Susie had permitted it.

We now come to the million, and must see what Max did with it.

Of course, he speculated in stocks on the Wizard's tips. It could hardly have been otherwise.

Like other speculators, he sometimes won and sometimes lost.

It was odd, but at the end of three months Max had not added to his fortune perceptibly. His losses and gains had about equalized themselves.

He was worth about a million and a quarter still.

It was after he lost Susie at the office, and had just started in with a young fellow named Joe McDuff as stenographer, that Max conceived the idea of getting some of his money out of Government bonds and banks and diamonds, and investing it in something more substantial.

This brings us up to an adventure which had a most marked effect on Max's career, and which we must now relate.

It began with a call Max made.

Everybody around Wall Street knew Max by this time, and there was one person who had known him ever since the day he was born, who never came near him, and whom Max had not seen for at least two years, and then it was only a casual interview in the Street.

This was Isaac Heyman, money lender, note shaver, an all-around Shylock.

While Max despised him in a way, he had great confidence in his judgment in money matters.

Old Heyman was Max's uncle on his brother's side.

There was no quarrel between them. Max's father had been a hardworking, just man, and a liberal spender. Uncle Heyman was just the reverse, and so the two families had drifted apart.

One day, just after Christmas, Max resolved to call on Uncle Heyman and ask his advice about investments.

He found him at his office, a mean little room on the top story of an old building on Nassau street, and fortunately he was alone.

"Hello, Uncle Isaac, how are you?" exclaimed Max, as he came bouncing in.

The old money lender looked over his spectacles, and shook hands in a cold, fishy way.

"I vas all right," he said. "How is it mit you? You never come by de old man no more, and yet you are my sister's son."

(To be continued)

ITEMS OF INTEREST

CHAMPION FLY CATCHER.

Redlands, a town in California, established the office of municipal fly catcher a year ago, and appointed a man to fill it. That official acts on a single observed fact—that flies instinctively fly upward and toward light. He constructed a large trap—a screened frame, twelve inches square, and more than two feet in height. He raised this two inches from the ground and attached to the bottom a cone-shaped screen, with the large end down. Under the cone he put a banana skin. He nailed the contrivance to a post on a street corner and the flies did the rest.

In the first month, says *Youth's Companion*, from the one hundred traps that he scattered through the business section of Redlands, the official fly catcher had emptied and burned fifty gallons of flies. That means not far from four million flies.

There are now five hundred of the fly traps in Redlands, and, according to the residents, all the flies in Redlands were in them last summer.

STAR LARGER THAN THE SUN.

In the solar system, of which this little earth is a part, most of us are accustomed to look upon the sun as the king of heavenly bodies. But even with his diameter of 860,000 miles, which is a good deal larger than the scant 8,000-mile diameter of our earth, he is nevertheless a pygmy when compared to some of the fixed stars, which are, of course, suns themselves, glowing with their own heat. There are many of these fixed stars, says *Popular Science Monthly*, which astronomers have estimated to be larger than our sun, and of these, one of the most imposing is the star Canopus.

This star of the first magnitude has a diameter 134 times greater, an area 18,000 times larger, and a volume two and one-half million times vaster than the emperor of our own skies. Truly, Canopus makes a dwarf of the sun; yet his brilliancy, which is thrice that of the sun, is discernible only as a bright star on account of his almost immeasurable distance from the earth.

TEN MILLION BULBS.

In a paper on "Electric Bulbs for Automobiles," by Henry Schroeder, of the Society of Automobile Engineers, is the following:

The total number of bulbs used in the United States for automobile lighting during 1915 is estimated at about ten millions. Information received from eighty-five car manufacturers regarding their 1916 model cars indicates the following:

Bulbs for three-cell systems are increasing in favor, for six-cell systems decreasing in favor, and for nine-cell systems remaining about constant. The single-contact base is gaining and the double-contact losing in favor. About three-quarters of the bulbs used for three-cell systems are fitted with single-contact base, and this amount is increasing. Of the bulbs used for six-cell systems up to the

present time little less than one-half of them are fitted with the single-contact base. It is indicated that in 1916 nearly three-quarters of them will be so fitted. Practically all of the bulbs used for nine-cell systems have been and will be fitted with the double-contact base.

BOY TREED BY BEAR.

Robert Collins, 15 years old, lives in the village of Hilliard, Ky. He has been in the habit of going out into the woods hunting for small game. The other day he was looking for squirrels and he went around the top of a hill about three miles from town. There he met a big black bear.

Robert had always heard of shooting a bear behind the left foreleg so as to get to the heart, so he fired in that direction. But the bear charged and the boy had to run quite a distance. At last he came to a small tree, the bear close on his trail. Robert climbed the tree and fired his three remaining shells at the bear. He succeeded in wounding the big animal, but could not tell how seriously, as the bear remained close to the tree and showed no inclination of dying.

Robert stayed up in the tree all night. He was found early the next morning by searchers. The bear was still there, but nearly dead from loss of blood. The boy says he will wait a couple of years before going where he is likely to encounter another bear, but the people of Hilliard say he made his escape as well as most men would have done.

8 FEET AND 29 INCHES TALL.

Two of the greatest friends in the world, in spite of the fact that one feels much above the other and does not hesitate to say so, arrived on the *Espagne* recently from Bordeaux. Baptiste Ugo and Esmiliare Adrian were the pair and their fellow passengers in the second cabin had laughingly nicknamed them "the long and short of it," for Baptiste is an even eight feet tall and broad in proportion, while little Esmiliare is a dwarf only twenty-nine inches in height. The pair are the latest acquisitions to Ringling Brothers' Circus. The giant is forty-three years old and the dwarf thirty-eight.

Although it was at first feared that Baptiste, through the use of two cabins, would prove an expensive passenger to carry, inasmuch as it was necessary to cut a hole through the partition so that his feet might find comfortable lodging in the berth of the adjoining cabin, Esmiliare, with characteristic French thrift, volunteered to help keep the circus on a firm financial footing by sharing the scant remaining portion of the berth left by Baptiste's feet. Both, being seasoned travelers, enjoyed the trip. Both regret their inability to join the colors, as modern trench warfare has eliminated them. Baptiste finds difficulty in keeping his head and shoulders under cover, while Esmiliare discovered an insurmountable handicap in the mud at the bottom of the trenches.

HUSKY HARRY, THE BOY OF MUSCLE

— OR —

WILLING TO WORK HIS WAY

By CAPTAIN GEO. W. GRANVILLE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER II.

A DEAL IN DIAMONDS.

"I don't know the gentleman," he said, "but you want to go into the cabin, where one of the boys will show you stateroom 53, the one in which his berth is located. If he is not there he will soon come, for I will start one of the deckboys to look for him. That is all I can do."

Harry thanked the young man, and, following his directions, made for the cabin.

Here he inquired for stateroom No. 53, to which he was promptly shown, and when the boy who conducted him knocked on the door, to Harry's great satisfaction it was opened by a tall, fashionably dressed gentleman, who announced himself as Mr. Mudge.

"I have a letter here from Mr. Dodson, of Maiden Lane," replied Harry, handing it out.

"Ah! Indeed! The Maiden Lane diamond dealer!" exclaimed Mr. Mudge. "What does he want, pray?"

"I can't tell you, sir," replied Harry. "He was on the way to the steamer, and was taken sick. I happened to meet him, and he gave me the letter, and asked me to deliver it. You see what he has written on the outside."

Mr. Mudge put on his eyeglasses and read as follows:

"The bearer is trustworthy. You can deliver the package to him.
DETTRICH DONSON."

Mr. Mudge then tore open the letter.

A draft fell out which Harry picked up and handed to him.

It was for \$5,000, and drawn by a well-known Wall Street banking firm on its London house.

"Diamonds stolen! Bless my soul!" cried Mr. Mudge. "Authorities cabled to look out for you on the other side. Heaven and earth! Bound to make trouble! I should say so! I enclose draft for amount of purchase money. Please give diamonds to bearer, for in case you receive this it will be because I am too ill to come in person, and—m'm—um! Well, well! This is a very singular business. I'm sure I don't know what to do!"

Mr. Mudge was no more surprised than Harry himself. What he did was to take the boy to the purser's office.

Here Harry was closely questioned, and his name and address taken down.

"The draft is perfectly good, Mr. Mudge," said the

purser. "You perceive it is certified. The order is on Mr. Dodson's letterhead, and the boy's story seems straight. It is for you to decide whether you want to go abroad with stolen goods and run the risk of arrest and detention at Southampton, or whether you will accept the draft and return the diamonds."

Mr. Mudge decided to do the latter.

The purser then opened his safe and took out several small leather-covered cases.

These Mudge opened, and Harry caught sight of a diamond sunburst breastpin, several stickpins, a pair of earrings, a fine diamond ring and other things.

The little cases were then tied up in a package and given to the boy, who was told to be extra careful.

As he left the office he heard the purser say to Mr. Mudge:

"You have no responsibility whatever, sir. You have got your draft and you have got your order, and me for a witness."

Probably the purser went on to say more, but Harry did not stop to hear the rest.

If Mr. Mudge had no responsibility, then he lied, and he sincerely wished it was at an end.

It seemed to Harry that everybody must be watching him as he came up the pier. He clutched the package with desperate grip.

But nobody was watching him.

Doubtless there were a dozen pickpockets on the pier, but it was impossible for any of them to guess what this package contained.

No deep and mysterious business was destined to come of Harry Howe's peculiar errand.

Harry hurried up to Broadway, and was just darting across the street opposite Maiden Lane when a well-dressed young girl coming from the opposite direction suddenly slipped on the wet pavement and fell in front of an approaching electric car, which was being run with a fender so badly broken as to be worse than useless.

In an instant the engine of death would have been upon her, but luckily for the girl there was Harry a witness to it all.

Darting forward, Harry caught the girl and pushed her from the tracks.

The broken fender struck his leg.

The trembling girl stood safe, while he went down in front of the heavy car, the precious package slipping from his hand as he fell.

CHAPTER III.

HARRY HUSTLES INTO TROUBLE AND HUSTLES OUT AGAIN.

What fate more dreadful can be conceived than to be crushed under the wheels of a Broadway car?

Harry escaped by a hair's-breadth.

The fender struck his head and cut it badly; he was pushed along by the broken fender, but luckily for him the motorman was able to stop the heavy car in time to save his legs.

Harry scrambled to his feet with his clothes all torn and muddy, and the blood streaming down his face.

His first thought was of the girl.

She had vanished.

The conductor was running forward, calling out for his name and address.

A policeman was heading for him.

Several pedestrians came crowding up.

Harry paid no attention to any of them.

Since the girl was invisible, the package of diamonds was now the only thing in his mind.

Harry was one of the kind whose mind hustles quicker even than the body.

Confused though he was, he knew that the car must have pushed him at least its own length.

That meant that the package was either entirely crushed, or that it had come out into view at the other end.

"Don't try to stop me! I've lost something which must be found!" cried Harry.

The conductor he shoved aside with the flat of his hand.

A man who jumped in front of him, loudly bawling, "Are you hurt?" got it in the chest to the full force of Harry's fist when he wouldn't get out of the way.

So by hustling Harry got back just in time to see some one else hustling off with the precious package.

It was a young man of rather sporty appearance.

He stooped and grabbed it just as Harry came in sight, making a dart for the sidewalk in front of another car.

"Hey, hold on! That's mine!" yelled Harry, darting in front of the car.

He was hatless and his head was bleeding. Hustler though he was, Harry was still a country production, and he had not been long enough in New York to quite lose all his "jay feathers" yet.

He forgot the crowd behind him, and when he saw the sporty boy who had picked up the package take to his heels he foolishly shouted: "Stop, thief!"

It needed nothing else to complete the excitement.

Start a hatless boy with a bleeding face running down Broadway shouting "Stop, thief!" and you have got a crowd every time.

Given a Broadway crowd, and an immediate hurry-call for the fool-killer should always be rung in.

Nine times out of ten the pedestrians will seize upon the party who has been robbed, and thus give the real thief a chance to escape.

It was so in this case.

An excited individual darted in front of Harry with arms outstretched, as though he was a runaway horse, before the boy got to the corner of Liberty street.

"Stop! Stop!" he yelled. "Stop, thief!"

"Get out of the way, you fool!" panted Harry, and when the man wouldn't there was no waiting for the fool-killer, for Harry hustled for himself, and down the fellow went.

That ended it, though, for two men caught him just beyond and the cop came running up and grabbed him.

In an instant the sidewalk was blocked, and a hundred heads were doing the rubber act, stretched out toward the panting boy.

The policeman happened to be a sensible fellow. If he had not been chances are Harry would have been hustled to the station and thence to the Tombs.

Instead, he was hustled around into Liberty street to relieve the pressure on the sidewalk.

"What is it?" demanded the policeman in a low voice.

"I was knocked down by a car. I dropped a package—a fellow grabbed it and ran."

"So? Valuable?"

"It's worth five thousand dollars. It's diamonds belonging to Dodson on Maiden Lane," Harry gasped, nearly as badly winded as he had left Mr. Dodson himself.

"I seen the feller run wid de bundle!" yelled a voice at the edge of the crowd. "He works for Longworth, upstairs in two-thirty-tree."

Just then the policeman who had witnessed the accident came hurrying up.

"De feller is all right," he said. "He was knocked down saving a gal! De bundle was knocked out of his hand like he says."

Harry had recovered his wind in some measure by this time, and he hustled in the explaining line.

"If it's Longworth, de contractor, I know him," said cop No. 2; "I'll take de lad up to his office. Mebbe we can find de feller dere."

Now, this policeman was also a man of sense, and had taken the trouble to bring Harry's hat along.

They went up in "two-thirty-tree" Broadway by the elevator, and on one of the upper stories found a door bearing the name "Longworth, General Contractor."

Here the policeman entered, pulling Harry with him.

A typewriting lady and a spruce clerk stared.

There was a young man over in one corner copying letters who turned as pale as death.

"That's the fellow," Harry whispered to the cop.

A tall, dignified gentleman came out of an inner office, looking somewhat concerned.

"Officer, what is the trouble? Why have you brought this boy here?" he demanded.

He put on his eyeglasses, and before the policeman could answer he added:

"Humph! I've seen you before!"

Harry held his tongue.

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Longworth, when the officer had explained. "That young man! He's a new employee. Has only been here a few days. Dotter, come here."

The young man came forward.

"Did you pick up a package marked Dodson behind a car on Broadway, as you must have heard this officer describe?"

"No, sir. I never seen no package. I don't know what he is talking about," replied the boy in a hang-dog way.

(To be continued)

TIMELY TOPICS

In order to release for military service many of the men now engaged in the electrical industry, the Electric Contractors' Association of Liverpool, England, has decided to train a number of women in electrical work.

Shoe leather has become so scarce in Austria that the shoemakers demand \$2 for soleing an old pair of shoes. Hundreds of children are unable to go to school because they have no shoes, which cost anywhere from \$2 to \$5 a pair. Shoes with wooden soles have been introduced from Germany, but even these cost from \$1.20 to \$2 a pair.

The United States sent more motor car to India during the six months' period ended in September, 1915, than did Great Britain. According to the report of the Department of Statistics for India, just published, the number of cars imported into India from the United States was 620, while those shipped from Great Britain amounted to 420.

Queenie B., a white hen owned by T. H. Buckingham, of St. Joseph, Mo., established what is believed to be a new world's record in egg-laying recently when she laid two eggs within an hour. The record was made at the Buchanan County Poultry Show. One of the eggs has a shell that is a trifle soft, but both are of normal size. The hen has a record of more than 200 eggs a year. Queenie B. is a little over a year old.

There are 176,701 Japanese in United States territory, of whom 90,808 are in Hawaii. There are over 90,000 Japanese in Mexico. The Japanese Foreign Office has recently published tables showing the number and professions of the Japanese residing in foreign countries. According to the figures, the Japanese residing in foreign countries at the end of last June numbered 359,716, of whom 240,423 were males and the remaining 179,393 were females. As compared with the corresponding period of the preceding year, an increase of 38,454 is shown.

The last year was the most prosperous in the history of the general fisheries of Alaska, according to the recent report of William C. Redfield, the Secretary of Commerce. The products were valued at \$5,500,000 more than those of the previous season. The salmon catch was the largest ever made, the report states. The fisheries give employment to 21,200 people and represent an investment of \$37,000,000. More than 4,000,000 cases of canned salmon, valued at \$18,920,000, were exported from the country, it is declared. The value of the other kinds of fish caught is placed at about \$200,000.

The Apache Trail is a new route in the Southwest which will open up some hitherto impenetrable country, but its main feature is that it provides a highway that reaches

the Roosevelt Dam, the Government project which holds back the largest artificial lake in the world. For nearly five years 2,000 men were employed in achieving this engineering feat, and as a result nearly 250,000 acres are to be irrigated. This impounded water has transformed the arid basin lying westward from Salt River and Tonto Creek into one of the most productive regions of the Southwest. The trail extends from Globe, Ariz., to Phoenix, a distance of 120 miles.

According to an announcement made by the United States Bureau of Navigation, it is learned that a powerful radio station has been built on Tahiti, one of the Society Island group, by the French Government. The temporary station is of 10 kw. capacity, and will be used until the permanent station is completed. The latter will have an aerial system supported by eight towers, each 325 feet high, placed in two parallel rows of four towers each. Two antennae will be provided for two different wave lengths. It is expected that the permanent installation will be capable of working with Sydney, South America, Honolulu, San Francisco, Cochin-China, and even Martinique and Guadeloupe. On January 5th the temporary station on Tahiti was heard at San Francisco.

Eighteen years ago David Moylan was a railway switchman. To-day he is a Municipal Court judge in Cleveland, Ohio. In the interval Judge Moylan lost both his arms in accidents. Thus disabled for railroad work, he first taught himself to write by holding his pen between his teeth. Then he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and four years ago was elected to the county council. His elevation to the bench is a recent recognition of his ability. Judge Moylan is a remarkable evidence of what courage and persistence can achieve in the face of hardest handicaps. His career is only beginning. Any one with the combination of brain and spirit capable of overcoming such difficulties may go far on the road to distinction if his life is spared.

A dog's appearance at a bank paying teller's window seeking payment of his year's savings fund check is a new wrinkle. Kiddo, the prize winning fox terrier of Dr. J. H. Hagenbuch, of Mahanoy City, Pa., with check in mouth and indorsed by himself, was the lucky canine. A year ago Cashier W. H. Kohler, of the Union National Bank, jokingly asked the doctor why he didn't take out a savings account for his dog. "I will," the doctor replied. It became due, and amounted to \$25.50, and the cashier sent out the check to Kiddo Hagenbuch, in care of his "pa." The fox terrier was soon at the window. The check had been indorsed "Kiddo Hagenbuch, in care of his 'pa.'" Opposite the signature appeared a mark of the dog's paw, the cashier having pushed an ink pad against it. The money was promptly paid, and the dog pranced away with his envelope carrying the amount.

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GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

Henry Bake, of Harrisburg, Pa., has been arrested by State Policeman Curtis A. Davies on charges of burglary. He confessed to a string of thefts covering months in the fashionable suburban districts of the State capital. In Bake's pocket was found a much-used Bible. Circled with red ink was the quotation "Seek and ye shall find."

Mrs. Mary Haberman, of Portland, Ore., who stormed the courts with a battery of nine lawyers, is victor in her suit against John Hart, who was defended by only two legal guns. As a result Hart must return to Mrs. Haberman one old hen and eleven small chickens or else pay \$10 in cash for them. Thus will justice be done according to the decision of District Judge Bell. Mrs. Haberman sued for \$22.

The war has evidently had a marked effect in reducing hunting in Alsace-Lorraine, as appears from a recent decree of the Strassburg authorities. Wild hogs have increased in some parts of the country to such an extent that the Government has given to the local authorities the right to order the hunting of the animals at frequent intervals during the winter months. This applies to cases where the owners of hunting rights fail to shoot off the increase of the hogs and the latter commit ravages upon the crops.

Plans are under way for a British Empire fair to be held next year, which, it is expected, will be the largest of its kind ever held in the world. The time set for it is the spring of 1917, and the place selected is Willesden Green, London. The intention is to provide accommodation for exhibits of practically every known industry. The exhibition building will cost about \$1,000,000 and cover an area of 610,000 square feet. The frontage of the stalls will be about twelve miles in length, and arrangements will be made for possible enlargement of the grounds should this be required. The fair will be held for three weeks.

The trench warfare in France has been responsible for some remarkable horrors. There have been plagues of bloated flies which are produced in millions by a few hours of sunshine. In some districts, too, there have been

plagues of voles, due no doubt to the non-cultivation of the fields, which fall into the trenches by scores, are trampled under foot by the men, and are then devoured by dreadful beetles. To these plagues has now succeeded one of giant rats, some having been measured as nearly two feet in length from tip of nose to end of tail and of a girth which is proportional. To combat these, ferrets are now being sent out in hundreds from England, with the result that the price of ferrets has considerably risen everywhere, while in some places they are not procurable at all. The men consider it great sport, and a bag of over 400 rats has been made in an afternoon. The cold in the trenches has not been so great this winter as that which was encountered last year, and if it should come later, the troops are probably better prepared to meet it; but the wet and mud have been terrible, the rain especially being heavy and constant.

GRINS AND CHUCKLES

"Can you keep a secret, uncle?" "Yes." "Well, auntie has eloped with the chauffeur, and they've borrowed your motor."

Mrs. Gray—The window in my hall has stained glass in it. Mrs. Green—Too bad! Can't you find anything that'll take the stains out?

Knick—How did that doctor build up such a good practise? Knack—Had moving pictures installed to amuse his patrons while they waited.

Gromwell (in cheap restaurant)—Here, waiter! Are these mutton or pork chops? Waiter—Can't you tell by the taste? Gromwell—No. Waiter—Then what difference does it make what they are?

A speeding automobile met a smoothly-gliding cutter on the road. "Ah!" it said to the cutter, "where are you going?" "Sleighbeling, of course," replied the cutter. "And you?" "Slaying!" shouted back the automobile with a horseless laugh.

Mr. Wise—I'm going to start you off with a bank account for a Christmas present. Mrs. Wise—But, Charlie dear, you forget that Christmas is a legal holiday, and the banks will be closed? I won't be able to draw the money out until the next day.

"Farm products cost more than they used to." "Yes," replied the farmer. "When a farmer is supposed to know the botanical name of what he's raising, and the zoological name of the insect that eats it, and the chemical name of what will kill it, somebody's got to pay."

Potter Palmer, hearing of the whereabouts of a guest who had decamped from the Palmer House without going through the formality of paying his bill, sent him a note: "Mr. _____. Dear Sir:—Will you send the amount of your bill, and oblige," etc. To which the delinquent replied: "The amount is \$13. Yours respectfully."

A SKILLFUL JOB.

By D. W. Stevens

"Well, Clark, thanks to you, I've got my fellow safely caged. But for your hearty assistance I'm afraid I'd have had a nasty time of it if I hadn't been compelled to go back empty-handed."

The speaker was Joe Bloodgood, an English detective, who had come to New York in search of a noted criminal. I had joined in with him, and by my assistance, as he acknowledged by his words, the fugitive had been taken into custody.

He was then under lock and key, and Joe was waiting to get extradition papers. And while waiting he was my guest.

It was in the dead of winter.

We sat before a glowing fire, each with a good cigar between his teeth; between us was a small table, and on it a bowl of punch, which Joe had brewed in regular English style.

And then, as we sipped, we began to talk of professional matters, and began comparing crimes and criminals of England and America.

"We have more crimes in high life than you have in this country," said Joe, finally.

"Why so?" I inquired.

"Well, our laws of inheritance are at the bottom of it. By our laws you know the eldest son is nearly always the sole heir; or, failing that, the nearest male relation, in most cases. Supposing that the life of only one being stands between you and a big estate and lots of 'tin,' and you are a poor devil often going hungry—don't you see how great a temptation there is?"

"Yes," I assented. "By the way, did you ever get mixed up in such an affair?"

"Several of them. But there was that case of Durand Manor—that was the tough case. But I got to the bottom of it, and it was what I call a 'Skillful Job.'"

"Let's hear about it."

JOE'S STORY.

Durand Manor, a very old and valuable estate, had descended through many generations of the Durands.

It was entailed in the direct line, the eldest son becoming the heir.

Old Sir Lemuel, at his death, left behind him two sons—Robert, the heir, and James; the former twenty-two, the latter twenty years of age. Now, as is apparent, in the case of Robert's death without leaving a son behind him, James succeeded his brother.

Having premised to this extent, I will now return to a day in early spring, as I sat in the office at our headquarters. It chanced that I was alone. The door softly opened, and, on turning to see who it was, I beheld the figure of a deeply-veiled, exquisitely-shaped woman.

"Are you a detective?" she finally asked, in the sweetest and saddest tone I ever heard.

"I am: can I do anything for you?"

"Can I trust you?"

"You can rely upon my honesty and sense of honor," I replied.

"And will it be necessary that every one here should know it?" she hesitatingly asked.

"Not if you will meet me elsewhere and tell me privately what you have to say."

"My carriage is outside," struck by a sudden inspiration. "I can talk to you while driving."

"The very thing. Return to your carriage, and I will be down in a few minutes."

What was my surprise, when I reached the sidewalk, to find myself confronted by a carriage bearing a crest. The lady evidently was a person of rank. I hesitated about entering the carriage, but she motioned me imperatively to do so. For some little time we rode in silence.

"Are you a married man?" she finally abruptly asked.

"I am."

"And love your wife?"

"I do."

"Singular question, you may think," she said, "but I ask them because I am called upon now to bare the secret of my own heart to you. I am Lady Templeton."

I bowed low.

"Robert Durand and I have been friends for years," she resumed. "At last we were more—we were lovers. The knowledge was kept from my family. A month ago Robert Durand and I met; he was to come again two days later, but he did not come. Instead, I heard that he had suddenly become insane—but I do not believe it."

"Ah! And what am I to do in the matter, Lady Templeton?"

"Find means to prove that he is not," she promptly returned.

"Do you suspect anybody? In other words, do you think his brother James is at the bottom of it?"

"I tell you that Robert is the victim of a conspiracy," she finally said. "Will you try to get to the bottom of it?"

Perhaps her absolute faith in the truth of what she said impressed me. And before I knew fairly what I was about I had committed myself, and had agreed to attempt to prove—in the face of half a dozen eminent physicians—that Robert Durand was not insane.

Well, half an hour afterwards I was calling myself a fool, a donkey, a blockhead, and a score of other equally uncomplimentary names, for, in addition to feeling that I had set about a useless task, I did not know but I might get my head within the lion's jaws and have it snapped off.

I left London and went down to Durand Manor.

In view of the fact that Robert was pronounced hopelessly insane, making it sure that James would succeed to the estate, the father of Lucy Darrel had withdrawn all objection, and the night that I reached the Manor, James and Lucy were married.

I had stolen into the grounds and hidden among some shrubbery. I gazed in upon the scene of festivity. In the midst of it a wild and fearful shriek arose above all other sounds.

It was uttered by the mad brother, confined in an unused wing of the building.

Its intonation killed any doubt I might have had concerning Robert's insanity.

Then a carriage rolled up to the door. In a few minutes the bridal couple would leave on their way to the train and their tour.

I was about to move out of the shrubbery, and return to the inn at the village, when I was caused to pause by the near approach of two men.

"Treat him kindly. Poor Bob! Use no harsh measures with him."

It was James Durand. What, he, the wicked man Lady Templeton suspected him of being, and speak so kindly of his unfortunate brother? It was a sin and a shame to even dream that such a thing were possible.

Ten minutes later the carriage rolled swiftly away, and I returned toward the village in a brown study. The conversation I had heard did not exactly please me. I determined to get a glimpse of the attendant by daylight.

I did so the next day, and his appearance impressed me any way but favorably. I managed to obtain the information that his name was Thomson, that he was a professional attendant for the insane, and had been attached to some insane asylum near London.

Back to London I went, and my opinion of Thomson was not raised when I discovered the particular insane asylum to which he had been attached. It was a private institution, and it had long borne a bad name.

Once more I went to Durand Manor.

"That's a cousin of the Durands," said the landlord, as a young lady drove past in a basket phaeton. "She's playing lady up at the manor house until the heir comes back with his bride."

In the afternoon, after dinner, I strolled away toward the manor house, as all the villagers called it. The "outside grounds," as they were called, everybody was permitted to visit, strangers being supposed, however, not to pass the huge stone portals of the gates a short distance from the house.

I had nearly reached the gates when I heard the rapid fall of a horse's feet approaching from behind me. Glancing back, I saw a lady on horseback, dressed in long riding habit and high hat.

"Do you belong here?" she demanded, as she reined in her horse on reaching my side.

"I do not."

"Well, no matter. Here, hold my horse—I will alight just within the gates."

"Ah!"

I glanced quickly around, and saw the young lady whom the landlord had said was Durand's cousin.

"Ah!"

A look of something like jealousy shot into the equestrienne's dark eyes. One moment she seemed to hesitate, and then she swiftly advanced toward the lady of the manor.

"Who are you?"

"Excuse me, but who are you who enter these grounds in this manner?" having recovered her self-possession.

"No matter who I am," was the brisk reply. "Are you anything to James Durand?"

"I am his cousin."

"Where is James Durand?"

"He is absent on his wedding tour," was the reply.

The equestrienne reeled and almost fell. But she recovered herself, and with steady step returned to where I stood, and I assisted her into the saddle. Her teeth were clutched, her eyes flamed, and, as she rode away, I heard her mutter:

"When he did not come, I knew there was another woman in the case. So he has deserted me. Fool! I know his plans, and will be revenged!"

I traced her to London, and there lost track to her. A month had passed, all but one day. In this time I had become convinced that James Durand was a villain, that he had paid Thomson to become his brother's executioner. But what could I do?

Gloomy-minded and despondent, I wandered through Hyde Park, and suddenly came face to face with the woman I had searched for in vain. Where skill had failed, accident had befriended me.

I spoke to her. At first she seemed inclined to resent it as a familiarity, but I uttered the name of James Durand, and found it talismanic.

"Yes, it is true!" she said, with her eyes flashing. "Sit down here, where we cannot be overheard. Listen! I was an actress, but pure in life as a babe. James Durand saw me—loved me—he said, and heaven knows I loved him. There is no need of telling you the story—it is sufficient that I loved him so blindly that I let him sink me until all sense of shame and degradation was lost."

"He told me about how he could become the heir if he could get his brother out of the way."

"Give him drugs—make him mad," I told James. Robert Durand was drugged—made mad. He was examined while under the influence of these drugs, and the doctors said he was insane.

"No sooner does James Durand come into possession, or know that he is sure of succeeding, than he deserts me. With my kisses warm on his lips he plighted his troth with another woman, and the hour that I learned it my heart was filled with wormwood and gall. The love I bore him is now changed into deathly hate; I have sworn to be revenged. He will cause Robert's death, I know, and then—then—I will put the halter around his neck."

To a passing "bobby" I gave a glimpse of my shield. He advanced and we conveyed the woman to the lockup. She repeated her story to a magistrate, and, armed with a warrant, I went to the manor house.

I arrested Thomson and released Robert Durand. To all appearances he was mad, but when the effects of the drugs had passed off he was as sane as either of us.

I laid my plans to capture James Durand when he stepped foot in England. To avoid a scandal and a blemish on the name, his brother must have written to him, exposing the failure of his dastardly scheme, for James Durand took a vessel at Havre and came to America, and was killed afterward, I have heard, on the plains.

The actress killed herself when she found that James Durand had escaped.

As for Robert and Lady Templeton, they were finally married. That I was handsomely paid, you can well imagine. The case being kept so quiet, I got no particular credit for it, though it was a skillful job.

NEWS OF THE DAY

Regular steamship service is to be established between Japan and the islands of the Caroline group, which formerly belonged to the Germans, and were seized by the Japanese early in the war. A monthly service will be maintained from Yokohama to Truk Island, from which point two subsidiary lines will be operated.

Shepherd Linscott, son of F. W. Linscott, a farmer near Farmington, Kan., had a narrow escape from burning to death when fire destroyed the Linscott home early one morning. Young Linscott slept so soundly that the fact that his bed was on fire didn't waken him. Indeed, when he was aroused by an elder brother, his nightgown was on fire, but the boy was not burned.

The richest ruler in the world is the Czar of Russia. He has the Romanoff private estate, yielding about two millions a year. Beyond that his allowance amounts to another two millions. There are small expenses to be deducted, such as two million, five hundred thousand dollars a year to Grand Dukes and Duchesses. But when everything has been taken into account the Czar remains far richer than any of the other old world potentates.

Shortly after leaving a skating party on Hooley's Pond, North Plainfield, N. J., William White, of Rock View Terrace, was found dead on the sidewalk within two blocks of his home. A physician said heart disease killed him. Just a year ago the young man's father, George F. White, was found dead in the railway station at Plainfield. Young White had been the life of the skating party. The violent exertion of skating had proved too much for his heart.

The following dispatch from Wheeling, W. Va., was printed in the San Francisco Call: Old fields containing worthless rotting stumps have been suddenly enhanced in value in Wetzel County. They are bringing from 50 cents to \$1 each. Those who purchase \$1 stumps find a quart bottle of whisky underneath and those who buy half dollar stumps find a pint bottle beneath. Those engaged in the traffic say they are not selling liquor, merely the stumps. At any rate, there has not been a single arrest.

Judge Irwin, of Sauk County, Wis., was one day holding court in Prairie du Sac, years ago, when the door of the judicial chamber was rudely flung open and an excited voice cried, "Bear in the village!" Without the formality of an adjournment, the judge, jury, complainant and prisoner, in hilarious tumult, abandoned the august presence of the law. The entire village joined in the chase. Soon Brother Bruin was merrily roasting on a spit, while the court, in good humor, resumed its business where it had left off.

Benjamin Alfend, 18 years old, has the best newspaper stand in St. Louis, Mo., at the south entrance of the Rail-

way Exchange building. His brother, Max, two years younger, has nearly as good a stand, at the north end of the same building. Two of their brothers, Samuel and Morgan, have a stand in another part of the business district, where Benjamin began in the business of selling papers. A fifth brother, Reuben, is attending the State School of Mines.

An overcoat saved the life of Glen Bowers, a high school boy of Mount Pleasant, Pa., who was skating near the Bridgeport dam. Glen broke through the ice. His companions were unable to reach him. Each time he came to the surface he would grasp the ice, but each time it gave way. Finally, benumbed, he was unable to use his hands, and when his companions, after forming a human chain on the brittle ice, threw the end of a long overcoat to him, he got it between his teeth and held on until he was pulled to stronger ice and safety.

A rare old violin, valued at \$700 and owned by Miss Marian Beecher, of Puyallup, Wash., was all that was saved when the little house adjoining the home of John S. Ellegood on South Hill burned to the ground. As Miss Beecher opened the door to enter her room she was met by a cloud of smoke. Her first thought was of the old violin stored in a small iron trunk which had been given to her by her father and which was prized as an heirloom of the family. Rushing into the smoke, she grabbed the trunk, but found it was too heavy to drag out. She lifted the lid, however, lifted out the violin and carried it to safety.

This is a true story that reads like one of pioneer days. It happened during the last big blizzard in Wisconsin, the worst of the winter. The 14-year-old son of Edward Ellingson, a farmer living near Birch Lake, was suddenly taken ill. The boy's condition became so serious that the father telephoned to a hospital in the town of Ashland and was advised that his son probably had acute appendicitis and should be hurried to the hospital. Mr. Ellingson placed the boy on a horse, the roads being in such bad shape that a team could not get through, and started out in the blizzard on a timber road which is poor even in summer. The boy became so sick that he had to be strapped to the animal's back. The horse floundered through the snowdrifts and Mr. Ellingson followed, hanging on the animal's tail, trusting to its instinct to keep to the road. They finally arrived at a railroad track, where the man piled some boards, built a fire and turned the horse loose. The first train which passed was going in the wrong direction, but Mr. Ellingson flagged it, went to the town of Iron River, then took an eastbound train, changed cars at Ripon and arrived at Ashland, where the boy was taken to the hospital and surgeons immediately performed the operation that was necessary to save his life.

INTERESTING ARTICLES

BOY MAKES AUTOMOBILE.

Paul Edwards, 17 years old, who lives in Denver, Colo., has built an automobile for himself. He calls it a "trimobile," as it has three wheels, two in front and one at the rear. In other respects it looks like a regular racing car. The entire machine weighs only 410 pounds, about the weight of a motorcycle. The front wheels were constructed from remodeled wire wheels which had been used on an old electric car. The power consists of a 15-horse-power motorcycle engine, equipped with three speeds forward. The extremely low gear enables Paul to drive the car up any hill in Denver. Fifty miles an hour is easy for the "trimobile," Paul says, but he has not tried to make a speed record.

"I worked two months in a garage last summer so I would know something about automobiles before I started on this one," says Paul. "It took me only two weeks to make it. I had no idea I could do it in such a short time."

"TOMMY ATKINS."

There is an interesting story of how the British soldier got the name by which he is generally known, "Tommy Atkins." In the days when George III. was King, life in the ranks of the British army was very hard, and the men got little pay. Even as late as the nineteenth century soldiers' accounts were anything but well kept. Many of the men could not read and were dependent for their just dues on the honesty of their pay sergeant. Suddenly there arose a born accountant in the person of a gunner in the Royal regiment of artillery who was named Thomas Atkins. He soon became an object of admiration to his comrades and an object of awe to the pay sergeants. Even some of the officers at first regarded him with suspicion.

Gunner Atkins was, however, a decent fellow. He had proved himself a man of physical courage in the field and he soon earned the respect of his officers for his moral courage. He started a book in which he entered and balanced his accounts monthly, and so is believed to have originated the idea of the soldiers' pocket ledger, or, as it was called at first in the Royal artillery and afterward in the army generally, a "Tommy Atkins." Out of this grew the use of the word to describe the private soldier.

NOT TO BE TRUSTED WITH A PENCIL.

It would appear from an incident reported from Vienna that an Emperor is not to be trusted with a pencil. Some time ago, while holding court in the Royal Palace, says the Washington Star, Francis Joseph received a Hungarian blacksmith, who desired to thank his Majesty for the decoration conferred upon him in recognition of his having invented an agricultural machine. During the audience the blacksmith drew from his pocket a photograph of the Emperor, and, handing it to his Majesty, said:

"May I ask your Majesty for your autograph?"

"I cannot give you my autograph at the present moment," said Francis Joseph, with a smile, "for I have neither pen nor pencil within reach."

"I have brought a pencil with me," said the smith; handing it to the Emperor.

Francis Joseph thereupon attached his signature to the photograph and dismissed the smith with a smile and his customary inclination of the head. To the Emperor's surprise, the smith did not retire.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" asked Francis Joseph.

"Yes, your Majesty, I am waiting for my pencil."

The Emperor of Austria-Hungary had mechanically pocketed it, and he returned it with a hearty laugh.

THE THUMB-PRINT SYSTEM.

The First National Bank of Cheyenne, Wyoming, has been compelled almost by necessity to adopt the thumb-print system as a means of identification, there being so many foreigners among its depositors who cannot even write their names legibly. The thumb-print system has in this case saved much trouble, and according to some of the members of the bank works perfectly.

Under the old system the filing of a new depositor's signature was required in order to identify his checks and detect a forgery, if one should be attempted. But the bank attaches were put to all kinds of trouble when many of their depositors placed signatures on file which would present to ordinary chirographical experts impossible problems.

The assistant cashier thought of the thumb-print idea and immediately put it into effect, with the result that the bank is not likely to change to the old system.

So to-day each foreign patron, when he makes his first deposit, is required to place his thumb on an inked pad and then make an impression on a card, which, with his ordinary signature and his name as written by the bank cashier, is deposited in the records of the bank. Whenever a check is presented drawn by this patron his thumb-print as well as his signature must appear upon it, and must correspond with that on the card in the record. If it does not so correspond the check is held up on suspicion.

Reading the thumb-prints is, in the beginning, not easy, but with daily practise it soon becomes easy. The assistant cashier of the Cheyenne bank has become so accomplished in reading the thumb marks of depositors that in many cases he does not have to refer to the cards in the records at all.

The thumb mark or print means of identification dates back to the old history of China, and it is surprising that an effort has not been made sooner to introduce this system in this country. True, it was suggested by a prominent man of science in England, some years ago, to have finger or thumb prints surplant or accompany signatures on checks or other important documents, but the plan was never adopted.

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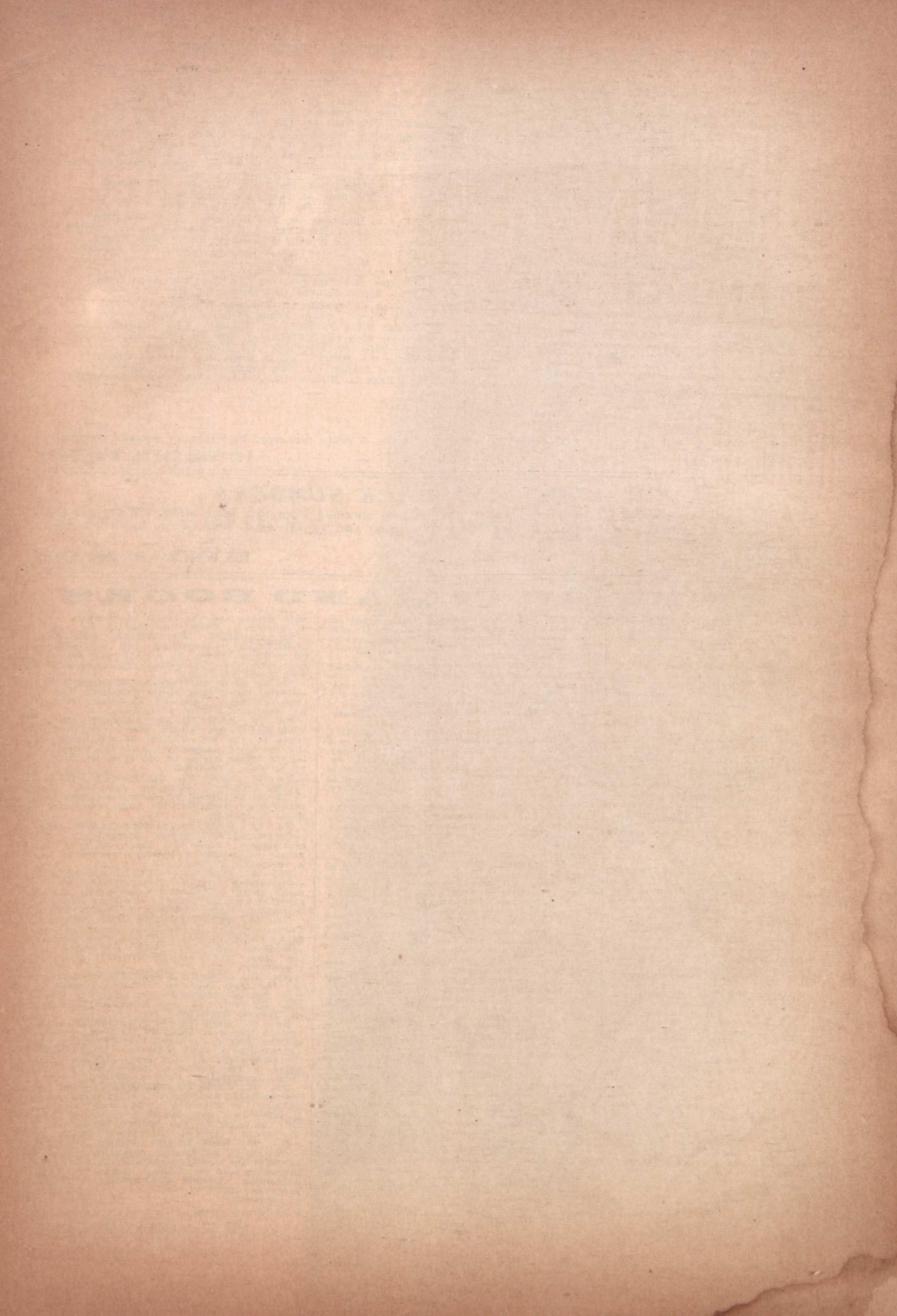
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